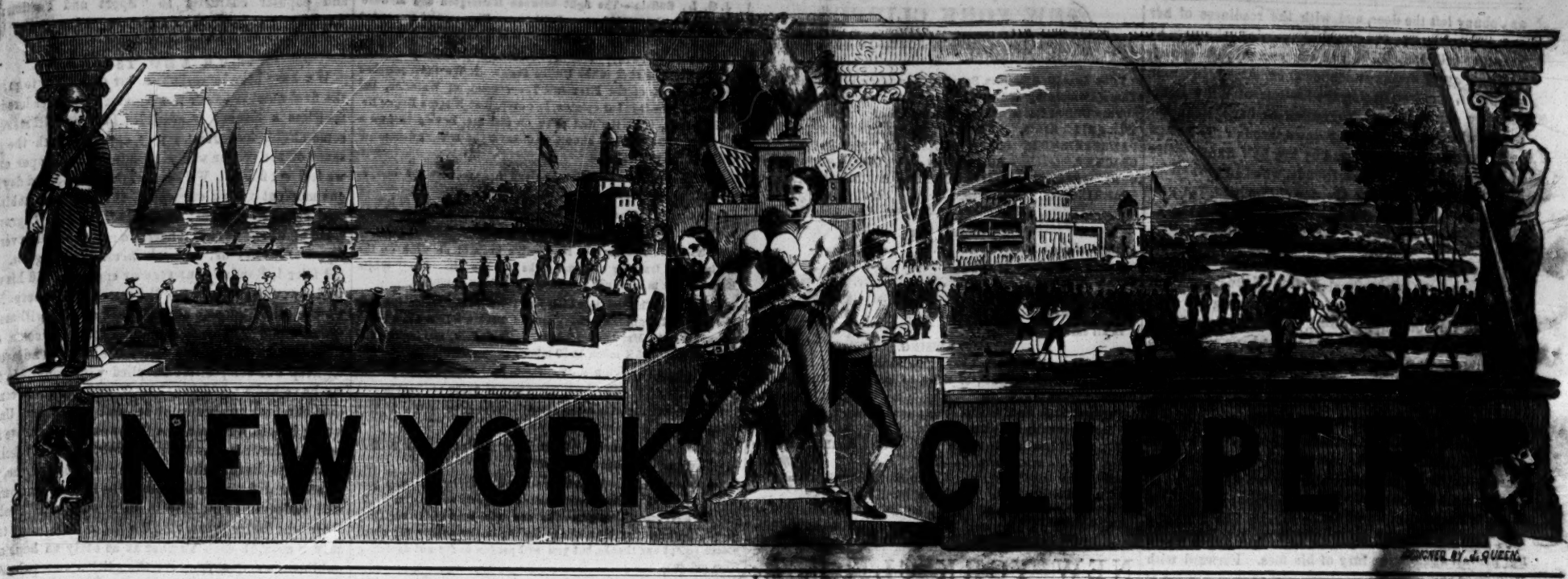

Vol. IV.—No. 1. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1856. Four Cents.

THE FIGHT

OF HELL-KETTLE.

BY TYRONE POWER.*

NEVER let it be said the days of chivalry are fled; heralds may have ceased to record good blows stricken, to the tune of "a largesse worthie knights"—pennon and banner, square and swallow-tail'd, sleeve and ..f, with all the trumpery of chiv.. are long since dead, 'tis true; n the lofty generous feeling with which that term has become synonymous, is yet burning clear and bright within ten thousand bosoms, not one which ever throbbed at the recollections the word itself inspires in gentil heartes," or could tell the difference between Or and Gules, or Vert and Sable, as the following narration of a combat between two "churles," or "villains," as the herald would term my worthies, will I trust, go nigh to prove.

It was the fair night at Donard, a small village in the very heart of the mountains of Wicklow, when, at the turn of a corner leading out of the Dunlavin road, towards the middle of the fair, two ancient foeman abruptly encountered. They eyed one another for a moment, without moving a step, when the youngest, a huge six-foot mountaineer, in a long top-coat, having his shirt opened from breast to ear, displaying, on the least movement, a brawny chest, that was hairy enough for a trunk, growing rather impatient, said in a quick under-tone, that a listener would have set down for the extreme of politeness.

"You'll lave the wall, Johnny Evans?"

To which civil request came reply, in a tone equally bland.

"Not at your biddin', if you stand where you are till next fair day, Mat. Dolan."

"You know well I could fling you, neck and heels, into that gutter, in one minute, Johnny, mo bouchil."

"You might, indeed, if you called up twenty of the Dunlavin faction at your back," coolly replied Evans.

"I mane, here's the two empty hands could do all that, and never ax help, 'ather," retorted Dolan, thrusting forth two huge paws from under his coat.

"In the name o'heaven, thin, thry it," said Evans, flinging the alpeen† he had up to this time been balancing curiously, over the roof of the cottage by which they stood; adding, "here's a pair of fists, with as little in thim as your own!"

"It's aisy to brag by your own barn, Johnny Evans," said Dolan, pointing with a sneer to the police guard-house, on the opposite side of the way, a hundred yards lower down; "the peelers would be likely to look on, and see a black orangeman, like yourself, quilted, in his own town, under their noses, by one Mat. Dolan, from Dunlavin, all the way!"

"There's raison in that, any way, Matty," replied John glancing in the direction indicated. "It's not likely thim that's paid by government to keep the peace, would stand by and see it broke, by papist or protestant; but I'll make a bargain wid you; if your blood's over hot for your skin, which I think, to say truth, it has long been—come off at onst to Hell-kettle wid me, and in the light of this blessed moon, I'll fight it out wid you, toe to toe; and we'll both be the aisier after, which ever's bate."

"There's my hand to that, at a word, Johnny," cried Dolan, suiting the action to the word—and the hands of the foes clasped freely and frankly together.

"But are we to be only ourselves, do ye mane?" inquired Matthew.

"And enuff, too," answered Evans; "we couldn't pick a friend out of any tint above, without raisin a hulabaloo the divil wouldn't quiet without blows. Here, now, I'll give you the wall, only you jump the hedge into Charles Fancett's meadow, and cut across the hill, by Holy-well, into the road, where you'll meet me; divil a soul else will you meet that way to-night; and I want to call at home for the tools."

"Keep the wall," cried Dolan, as Evans stepped aside, springing himself at the same time into the road, ankle deep in mud; "I'll wait for you at the bridge, on the Holy-wood glin road. Good by."

A moment after, Dolan had cleared the hedge leading out of the lane into Mr. Fancett's paddock, and Evans was quietly ploding his way homeward. To reach his cottage, he had to run the gauntlet through the very throng of the fair, amidst crowded tents, whence resounded the ill-according sounds of the bagpipe and fiddle, and the loud whoo! of the jig-dancers, as they beat with active feet the temporary floor, that rattled with their tread. Johnny made short greeting with those of his friends he encountered, and on entering his house, plucked a couple of black, business-like looking sticks from the chimney, hefted them carefully, and measured them together with an eye as strict as ever gallant paired rapier with, till, satisfied of their equality, he put his top-coat over his shoulders, and departing by the back door, rapidly cleared two or three small gardens, and made at once for the fields. As Dolan dropped from the high bank into the lane near the bridge on one side, Evans leaped the gate opposite.

"You've lost no time, fegs," observed Matthew, as they drew together, shoulder to shoulder, stalking rapidly on.

"I'd bin vexed to keep you waitin' this time, any how," replied Johnny—and few other words passed.

Just beyond the bridge, they left the road together, and mounting the course of the little stream, in a few minutes were shut out from the possibility of observance in a wild narrow glen, at whose head was a water-fall of some eighteen feet. The pool which received this little cascade was exceeding deep, and having but one narrow outlet, between two huge stones, the pent waters were forced round and round, boiling and chafing for release; and hence the not unpoetic name of Hell-kettle, given to this spot. The ground immediately about it was wild, bare and stony, and in no way derogated from this fearful title.

Near the fall is a little plafond or level of some twenty yards square, the place designed by Evans for the battle-ground. Arrived here, the parties halted; and as Dolan stooped to raise a little of the pure stream in his hand to his lips, Evans cast his coats and vest on the gray stone, close by, and pulling his shirt over his head, stood armed for the fight, not so heavy or so tall a man as his antagonist Dolan, but wiry as a terrier, and having, in agility and training, advantages that more than balanced the difference of weight and age.

"I've been thinkin' Johnny Evans," cried Dolan, as he leisurely stripped in turn, "we must have two thrys after all, to show who's the best man; you've got your alpeens, wid you, I see, and I'm not the boy to say no to thim, but I expect you'll ha' the best ind o' the stick, for its well known, there's not your match in Wicklow if there is in Wexford itself."

"That day's past, Matty Dolan," replied Evans "It's five years since you and me first had words, at the Pattern o' the Seven-churches, and that was the last stroke I struck with a stick. There's eight years betune our ages, and you're the heavier man by two stone or near it, what more 'ud yez have, man alive?"

"Oh, never fear me, Johnny, we'll never split about trifles," quietly replied Dolan; "but, see here, let's dress one another, as they do potatoes, both ways. Stand fairly up to me, for half a dozen rounds, fist to fist, and I'll hould the alpeen till you're tired, after id."

"Why, look ye here, Matty, you worked over long on George's Quay, and were over friendly with the great boxer, Mister Donalan, for me to be able for yez wid the fists," cried Evans. "But we'll split the difference; I'll give you a quarter of an hour out o' me wid the fists, and you'll give me the same time, if I'm able, with the alpeen after; and we'll toss head or harp, which comes first."

Evans turned a copper flat on the back of his hand, as he ended his proposal, and in the same moment Dolan cried,

"Harp for ever."

"Harp it is," echoed Evans, holding the coin up in the moon's ray, which shone out but fitfully, as dark clouds kept slowly passing over her cold face.

In the next moment they were toe to toe, in the center of the little plain, both looking determined and confident; though an amateur would have at once decided in favor of Dolan's pose.

To describe the fight scientifically would be too long an affair, suffice it, that although Johnny's agility gave him the best of a couple of severe falls, yet his antagonist's straight hitting and superior weight left him the thing hollow; till five quick rounds left Evans deaf to time and tune, and as sick as though he had swallowed a glass of antimonial wine instead of poteen.

Dolan carried his senseless foe to the pool and dashed water over him by the hatful.

"Look at my watch," was Johnny's first word, on gaining breath.

"I can't tell the time by watch," cried Dolan, a little sheepish.

"Give it here, man," cried Johnny, adding, as he rubbed his left eye, the other being fast closed, "by the Boyne, this is the longest quarter of an hour I ever knew—it wants three minutes yet," and as he spoke, again he rose up before his man.

"Sit still, Johnny," exclaimed Matthew; "I'll forgive you the three minutes, any how."

"Well, thank ye for that," says Johnny; "I wish I may be able to return the compliment presently; but, by St. Donagh, I've mighty little concait left in myself, just now."

Within five minutes, armed with the well-seasoned twigs Johnny had brought with him, those honest fellows again stood front to front, and although Evans had lost much of the elasticity of carriage, which had ever been his characteristic when the alpeen was in his hand and the shamrock under his foot, in times past; although his left eye was closed, and the whole of that side of his physiognomy was swollen and disfigured through the mauling he had received at the hands of Dolan, who opposed him, to all appearance, fresh as at first, yet was his confidence in himself unshaken, and in the twinkle of his right eye, a close observer might have read a sure anticipation of the victory a contest of five minutes gave to him, for it was full that time before Johnny struck a good-will blow, and when it took effect, a second was uncalled for. The point of the stick had caught Dolan fairly on the right temple, and laying open the whole of the face down to the chin, as if done by a sabre stroke, felled him senseless.

After some attempts at recalling his antagonist to perception by the brook-side without success, Evans began to feel a little alarmed for his life, and hoisting him on his back, retraced his steps to the village, without ever halting by the way, and bore his insensible burthen into the first house he came to, where, as the devil would have it, a sister of Dolan's was sitting, having a goster with the owner, one widow Donovan, over a "rakin-pot o' tay."

"God save all here," said Johnny, crossing the floor without ceremony, and depositing Mat on the widow's bed. "Wid'y, by your lave, let Mat Dolan lie quiet here a bit, till I run down town for the doctor."

"Dolan!" screamed the sister and the widow, in a breath, "Mat, is it Mat Dolan! that's lying a corpse here, and I his own sister, not to know he was in trouble?"

Loud and long were the lamentations that followed this unlucky discovery. The sister rushed frantically out to the middle of the road, screaming and calling on the friends of Dolan, to revenge his murder on Evans and the orangemen that had decoyed and slain him. The words passed from lip to lip, soon reaching down to the heart of the fair, where most of the parties were about this time corn'd for anything.

"Johnny Evans," cried the widow Donovan, as he made in few words the story known to her, "one or not, this is no place for you now; the whole o' his faction will be up here in a minute, and you'll be killed like a dog, on the flure; out wid you, and down to the guard-house while the coast's clear."

"I'd best, maybe," cried Evans; "and I'll send the doctor up the quicker—but mind, widow, if that boy ever spakes, he'll say a fairer fight was never fought—get that out of him, for the love o' heaven, Mrs. Donovan."

"He hasn't a word in him, I fear," cried the wido

P. Lynch, wt. 180 lbs. Matterson, 178 lbs. Wm. Woods, 165 lbs. S. Roberts, 180 lbs.

CREW OF THE RACE BOAT LADY PUTMAN.

* This sketch was written by the lamented Power, in this City, in the year 1834. † Little stick.

as Johnny left the door, and with the readiness of her sex, assisted by one or two elderly gossips, who were by this time called in, she bathed the wound with spirits, and used every device which much experience in cracked crowns, acquired during the lifetime of Willy Donovan, her departed lord, suggested to her. Meantime Evans, whilst making his way down through the village had been met, and recognized by the half frantic sister of Dolan and her infuriated friends, who had been all for some time puzzled at the absence of him who was proverbial as

"Best foot on the flure
First stick in the fight"

"There's the murderer of Mat Dolan, boys," cried the woman, as some ten or twelve yards off she recognized Johnny, who was conspicuous enough, wearing his shirt like a herald's tabard, as in his haste he had drawn it on at Hell-kettle. With a yell that might have scared the devil, thirty athletic fellows sprang forward at full speed after Evans, who wisely never stayed to remonstrate, but made one pair of heels serve, where the hands of Briareus, had he possessed as many, would not have availed him. He arrived at Mrs. Donovan's door before his pursuers; he raised the latch, but it gave not way, the bar was drawn within, and had his strength been equal to it, further flight was become impracticable—turning with his back to the door, there stood Johnny like a lion at bay, uttering no word, since he well knew words would not prevail against the fury of his foes. Forward with wild cries and loud imprecations rushed the foremost of the pursuers, and Evans' life was not worth one moment's purchase; a dozen sticks already clattered like hail upon his guard, and on the wall over his head, when the door suddenly opening inwards, back tumbled Johnny, and into the space he thus left vacant stepped a gaunt figure, naked to the waist, pale and marked with a stream of blood yet flowing from the temple. With wild cries the mob pressed back.

"It's a ghost! it's Dolan's ghost!" shouted twenty voices, above all of which was heard that of the presumed spirit, crying in good Irish, "That's a lie, boys, it's Mat Dolan himself! able and willing to make a ghost of the first man that lifts a hand agin Johnny Evans; who bate me at Hell-kettle like a man, and brought me here after, on his back, like a brother."

"Was it a true fight, Mat?" demanded one or two of the foremost, recovering confidence enough to approach Dolan, who, faint from the exertion he had made, was now resting his head against the door-post.

A pause, and the silence of death followed. The brows of the men began to darken, as they drew close to Dolan. Evans saw his life depended on the reply of his antagonist, who already seemed lapsed into insensibility.

"Answer, Mat Dolan?" he cried, impressively, "for the love of heaven, answer me—was it a true fight?"

The voice appeared to rouse the fainting man. He raised himself in the doorway, and stretched his right hand toward Evans, exclaiming,

"True as the cross, by the blessed virgin!" and as he spoke, fell back into the arms of his friends.

Evans was now safe. Half a dozen of the soberest of the party escorted him down to the police station, where they knew he would be secure; and Dolan's friends, bearing him with them on a car, departed, without an attempt at riot or retaliation.

This chance took place sixteen years ago; but since that day, there never was a fair at Dunlavin that the orangeman Evans was not the guest of Dolan; nor is there a fair-night at Donard that Mat Dolan does not pass under the humble roof of Johnny Evans. I give the tale as it occurred, having always looked upon it as an event creditable to the parties, both of whom are alive and well, or were a year ago; for it is little more since Evans, now nigh sixty years old, walked me off my legs on a day's grousing over Church-mountain, and through Oram's-hole, carrying my kit into the bargain. Adieu. It will be a long day ere I forget the pool of "Hell-kettle," or the angels in whose company I first stood by its bubbling brim.

INSTINCT OF THE SPIDER.

THE sagacity of this insect has always been the admiration of entomologists, but we are not aware that any notice has been taken by them of the following remarkable fact. The web of the spider, particularly of a summer morning, will be seen to glitter as if covered with dew. This glittering appearance is produced by a lime with which it is carefully spread by the insect to entrap and secure gnats and flies. If you touch the web with your finger, it adheres and is broken when you withdraw it. Touch, however, the braces by which the web is supported, and your finger glides off as if from a thread of glass. The sagacity of the spider in leaving the braces unlimed, is astonishing. This part of his structure not being intended as a trap, would be broken if it were limed, as it would necessarily be torn asunder if it were touched by any flying object; but in the condition in which it is provided, it allows the fly to glide off and leave the web unharmed. What prompts the spider to such nice discrimination, unless it be an immediate influx of intelligence?

TO MAKE A BALKY HORSE DRAW.

THE London Times gives a remedy which proved successful. After all sorts of means had been tried and failed, it was suggested that a simple remedy used in India should be tried—that is, to get a small rope and attach it to one of the fore feet of the stubborn animal, the person holding the end of the rope to advance a few paces, taking with him the horse's foot, when, as a matter of course, the horse must follow. The suggestion was at first ridiculed, but at last a rope was brought and applied as described, when the horse immediately advanced, and in a few minutes was out of sight, much to the amazement of the crowd. The experiment is simple and worth a trial.

EXTRAORDINARY NOTICE.—The following advertisement appears in a Paris journal: "The parents of a young lady, aged twenty-one, handsome, well educated, and possessing 4,300 francs per annum, but affected with St. Vitus's dance, offer to unite her to a doctor from forty to forty-five years old, who will pay her incessant attention."

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Notices, of Sporting Events to come, or, of those that may have taken place, inserted gratuitously.

All matter intended for insertion in that week's issue, must be sent in by Tuesday noon.

QUEEN & JONES, PROPRIETORS,
No. 102 Nassau Street, Third Floor, Room No. 11.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1856.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 103 Nassau st., N. Y, and 25 Clark st., Chicago.
MIKE MADDEN, 22 Ann street.
SAMUEL YATES, 22 Beekman street.
HAMILTON & JOHNSTON, 30 Ann street.
A. WINCH, 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., 9 and 13 Court street, Boston.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRUE FRIEND, West Philadelphia.—"1. What is the meaning of pacing, as applied to the gait of a horse? 2. What is the length of the Union Race Course? 3. Did any racer ever run a mile in one minute?" 1. Pacing is a particular movement which some horses are taught, and others have naturally—it is made by lifting the legs on the same side together. 2. A few feet over one mile. 3. There is no record of such a performance.

A. O. P.—"Please give the exact number of rounds in the fight between Hyer and Sullivan, and state also whether Sullivan was arrested previous to the fight by the Maryland authorities, and made his escape afterwards." Sixteen rounds—Sullivan was not arrested, but Tom O'Donnell, his trainer, was; Sullivan, knowing that the police were after him, used a stratagem to effect his own escape, by throwing a cloak over O'Donnell, and, as the police appeared, crying out to him, "run, Sullivan, run." O'Donnell did run, and the police, thinking he really was Sullivan, made after him, leaving the Simon-pure at liberty.

OVID, Baltimore.—"In your last, I notice an account of a foot race on Long Island, in which 200 yards were run in 21 seconds. Please state if this is the best time ever made; and if not, what is the best on record." We believe 21 seconds to be the best time ever made in this country; but in England, George Seward, the American Wonder, ran 200 yards in 19½ seconds, which is the best recorded.

C. M., Cambridge.—"1. The first theatre erected in Boston, is said to have been in Board Alley near Hawkey street, and was first opened August 16, 1793; the authorities entered the establishment during the performance, and arrested the players, which act caused the first theatrical riot in Boston. 2. Mrs. Sherwett is a native of England, and made her first appearance on the American stage at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1844.

YOUNG EMIGRANT, Dubuque.—"Will you decide a dispute by stating, if possible, the weight of General Washington, in his best days?" An old document, published some time during the year 1783, gives the weight of Washington at 200 lbs.

I. P AND H. R., Buffalo.—"In raffling for two prizes (a gold watch and musical box,) a few evenings since, it was stated that the two highest throws should be entitled to the two prizes. Two of the party threw 44 each, and one 43—the latter claims the second prize, contending that the two 44's being a tie, must throw off to see which takes the watch; in opposition to this, the two 44's claim the two prizes, and say that 43 has no right to the box. It was agreed to leave the matter for your decision." The one throwing 43 has no claim—the two 44's throw off to see which takes the watch, and which the musical box.

DOCKYARD.—"What is the difference between an ordinary rifle, and a Minie?" There is no difference—the Minie ball, however, is different from the ordinary rifle ball.

SPEELER GRAY, Albany.—The Red Jacket's running time to Melbourne and back to Liverpool, 143 days—the Lightning's, ditto, 141—the James Baines, 122½ days. This latter, we believe, is the best run ever made.

CARLO.—ALL FOURS.—"1. Where a tie in counting for game occurs, how is it settled? 2. Is not low counted by the holder of it, whether it is taken or not?" 1. The one who dealt, loses. 2. Yes.

CHARLES WATKINS, Chicago.—"I assert that there are more miles of railroad in the United States, than in the rest of the world, together—my friend denies this, and offers to submit the question to you. Who is correct." The United States have it, "by chalks."

LOVER OF THE RING.—"1. What is the height of Harry Broome and Tom Paddock? 2. Which fight will be for the new Champion Belt, Jones and the Slasher's, or Broome and Paddock's?" 1. Broome is 5 feet 10¼ inches—Paddock, a trifle over 5 feet 11. 2. By reference to our foreign sporting department, you will perceive that Jones has forfeited to the Slasher, and the match is off—consequently Broome and Paddock will have the first shy for the new Belt.

NEWBURGH SUBSCRIBER.—The injury to your eyes has been caused, no doubt, in a great measure, by your facing the window, as you state in your letter. It is very injurious to write in this position, for the rays of the light come directly upon the pupil of the eye, causing it to contract, &c. Sit with your face turned from the light, either in reading or writing.

VOX POPULI.—1. Mr. Henry Placide is a native of Charleston, S. C. 2. Mr. J. R. Scott first appeared on the stage, in this city, July 2d, 1829.

AMATEUR, Baltimore.—Billiards.—The player has a right to use the bridge, at any stage of the play, unless otherwise stipulated in commencing the game.

S. J. AND D. M., Baltimore.—"A makes a wager with B that the fastest 100 yards time on record, accomplished by a man, was 9 seconds. B. asserts that it has been done in the United States in something over 8 seconds. Please state the fastest time on record. 2. What is the best standing jump, from toe to heel, ever made on level ground?" 1. We can find no record of better time than 9 seconds. 2. Can't say—perhaps some of our readers will inform us.

S. HALL, Chicago.—Taconey's time, 2 25¼, has never been equalled in this or any other country.

J. G. L., Buffalo.—The fight between Harrington and McLane took place in June, 1832, near Baltimore. The contest was ended in a general row, so that neither man won.

YOUNG TOBEY, Troy.—It is impossible to give the weight of the heaviest blow struck in the United States. 2. We have searched for the record of the Firemen's Tournament, of Waterloo, but cannot find it—it is our opinion, however, that Niagara Engine No. 3, of Chicago, took the first prize on distance, having thrown a stream of water 199 feet. Should we discover the missing document will give the particulars.

A. M. K.—We consider that England has produced the best, as well as the greatest number of pugilists.

JOHN GOLDEY, Cincinnati.—Tanner, we are informed, was sold a few weeks ago, for $100.

S. W. S., Tompkinsville, N. Y.—We know of no work on the rearing and training of game cocks for the pit. Can "White Hackle" inform us if such a work has ever been published.

HOBOKEN.—The race to which you refer took place on the 11th of June, 1852, from the Battery around Bedlow's Island and back; and was won by Mr. Thomas's boat, Lady Suffolk, making the distance, said to be 5¼ miles, in 39 minutes.

C. H.—There is no "River Police" in New York, at this present time. 2. Mr. Matsell's (the chief) salary, is $2500 per annum.

WAGER, Philadelphia.—Bunker Hill MONUMENT is the highest being 220 feet.

NUMBER ONE.—BLUFF.—"What is the highest hand in Bluff?" Four aces, or four kings and one ace.

SPORT, Baltimore.—1. Perhaps you are right, but the man proposed is favorable to the dissemination of sports and pastimes. 2. We do not publish enigma—the one you send us, is certainly meritorious, and evinces a kindly feeling in the author, for which please accept our thanks, but you will pardon us for not deviating from our rule.

B. F., Bucks' Co.—Mr. T. received no such letter—we have made inquiries, but can ascertain nothing in reference to it.

YOUNG AMERICA, Hackensack.—About 700,000. 2. See Fistiana, which will give you more details than we have room for. 3. Men.

TOLEDO.—Always welcome.

OLIVER, Philadelphia—Communicatton a little out of date—if agreeable, let us hear from you when the boys "get started."

W. B., Boston.—Please give us details in your next, in regard to those Ball Clubs.

PUPIL, Danvers, Mass.—We do not know the whereabouts of Mr. T. Davis, but presume he intends "to do what is right." If not, let us hear from you again.

J. M. W., Philadelphia.—Not knowing the said Doctor, can't say. We do not think he has a great reputation here, or we should have heard of him.

LANE, Bridgeport.—Mr. E. Forrest first appeared on the stage, at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 27th of November, 1826.

J. W., Simcoe.—1. We believe Mr. Tregloan is from Cornwell, England. Will ask him when next we see him. 2. Will send the engraving of Grindell.

R. J. W., Fort Plain.—$2 per year in advance.

KNOW NOTHING.—Money received.

RAGAMUFFIN, Philadelphia.—1. The King of Rome, Napolean 2d, was born in 1811. 2. The present Emperor, Napolean 3d, was born April 20, 1808—he has not yet been crowned.

CAPT. JERRY SANDERS, Toledo.—BILLIARDS.—The ball should remain in hand until the balls stop rolling.

SUBSCRIBER.—We believe the government holds no monied interest in the Collins steamers—they are allowed a certain sum per annum, by Government, for carrying the mails.

J. V. LANE, Milwaukie.—By addressing J. & J. C. Conrey, 65 Fulton street, N. Y., you may obtain the necessary information.

BIG BUTTON.—All right—those "eye-sores" will hurt your sight no more. We will take good care, that you may be enabled to distinguish "tother from which,' in our portraits. If "comeatable," will shortly give a sketch of "Uncle John."

J. F. B.—The Bowery extension commences the 1st of May, and the assessments will be made immediately, at the Street Commissioners office.

NOTICE—CO-PARTNERSHIP.

OWING to the constantly increasing circulation of our journal, and the additional labor now required at our hands, which we find to be rather more than we can satisfactorily attend to, we have associated with us, in the publication of the CLIPPER, Mr. James Jones, (formerly of the great news and periodical firm of Ross, Jones & Tousey, of this city,) a gentleman well known in business circles, and whose exertions, we have no doubt, will tend to make "the sporting journal of America" more popular than it even is at the present time. The CLIPPER will hereafter be published under the firm of "Queen & Jones," the latter superintending the business affairs of the concern, and the former, as heretofore, the Editorial Department.

OUR NEW HEADING.

ALTHOUGH our new Illustrated Head "speaks for itself," yet, a word or two in reference to it may not be out of place in this initiatory number. The design is an Architectural Block, with Panels, Pilasters, Cornice, &c., the whole being an emblem of *Strength* and *Durability*. On the Left Panel, we have a Shore and River View—in the extreme distance, is a *Yacht Race*; in the middle distance, a race with *Club Boats*, six oars; close in to shore, is a race with *Working Boats*, with one oarsman in each boat. Directly in the foreground, a game of *Cricket* is being played, that manly and healthful sport, which is making such rapid strides in this country. Beyond, is a group of ladies, practising *Archery*; their favorite pastime—we know some who play with their eyes as well as with their bows and arrows, sometimes mistaking one kind of *beau* for another, and using him for a *target*, also. Beyond these arch deceivers, we have one of those Country Sporting Houses, so fashionable in England. In the right hand Panel, we see represented Sports of another character, such as *Horse Racing*, *Pugilism* and *Pedestrianism*. In front of the left hand Pilaster, stands a *Sporting Gent*, fully equipped for the *Game*. On the right Pilaster, we have the rugged and jolly *Oarsman*. In each Pedestal, is a kennel, with specimens of the *Canine Race*, "looking out for what they may devour." Midway between the Pilasters, is perched that emblem of *Courage*, the *Game Cock*—on either side of which may be seen the *Chess Board and Men*, and other "objects of interest." In front of all, and directly in the centre, elevated on a slight pedestal, just sufficient to break the straight line of the base, stand out in *bold relief*, "THE THREE GRACES," the *Cricketer*, the *Boxer*, and the *Pedestrian*, all in action. On the base of the block, *upon which rests the whole superstructure*, and by the *lasting qualities* of which must *stand or fall* the Sporting Interests we have here represented, is carved, in the stone, as the foundation of all, "NEW YORK CLIPPER," in honor of the first journal that ever gave a healthful and popular character to "Sport and Pastimes America." "Look on this picture, and on that."

OUR NEW ISSUE.

WE have been incessant in our endeavors to prese the first number of our new volume to our readers in faultless a manner as possible; but, notwithstandi some slight inaccuracies may appear, which the go sense of the reader will attribute to the proper ca we feel confident. We have worked night and day, one moment giving our eye to the progress making our composing room; at another, to our engrave some of whom were strangers to us, who had never b fore worked for us, and *who never shall again*. O old friend, Randall, our regular engraver, did his wo well—would we could say the same of the others. No we are called upon to see how such a thing will answ —one wants to know this, another that, and so on. A this, too, be it remembered, while we are endeavori to keep our compositors supplied with copy. In fa we have had a trying week of it, and feel quite conte that our first number looks as well as it does. Unli a new broom, however, the CLIPPER will improve as grows older. It has been no slight task to effect t change we have without missing a single issue, a whatever deficiencies there may be in this number, will endeavor to remedy in future ones. We advi those who design preserving the paper for binding to s cure a copy of each number at as early an hour aft publication as possible, as, the edition once exhauste there is an end of it. There are several numbers Vol, 3, of which we have not a single copy on hand, a cannot procure them at any price. So, look out, a secure your paper in season.

THE E. C. R. C. AND THEIR NATIONA REGATTA FOR 1856.

THE Empire City Regatta Club, at their meeting Monday night, resolved that their Grand Nation Regatta for 1856, should take place on Monday, the 2 of June. This is coming early in the field, and if the endeavors are seconded by our citizens in a spi commensurate with the designs and actions of the Clu as they certainly should be, we shall expect to see th Regatta fully equal to the one which was given la year. Our citizens, and especially the lovers of spo upon the waves, have not forgotten the beautiful mor ing which ushered in the day on the 17th of Octob last, how the sun's soft rays spread upon the placid su face of the Harlem and East Rivers, how hundreds a thousands wended their way from early morn till noo to the grounds attached to the Red House, how the a jacent waters became dotted and enlivened with hu dreds of boats of all descriptions, from the sculler's fle shell, to the fishing smack and the lugger; how the e citement grew and became great, as the time approache for the starting of the boats which had entered for t races, how hats and handkerchiefs waved and chee rent the air, when the word was given to "go," a with what satisfaction the multitude returned to th homes after witnessing the first grand effort of the E pire City Regatta Club.

These are pleasing recollections which can be par cipated in by ten thousand citizens of New York. A other opportunity is now to be offered for us to en similar scenes, and to be gratified by similar resu The Club last year expended upwards of seven hundr dollars in getting up that Regatta, and in order to me their engagements, the members were forced to t themselves very heavily. All they ask now is that o citizens will take a proper interest in their undertakin this year, to repeat their Regatta, and they will n doubt pledge themselves to fulfill their engagement in a manner which will leave no cause for complain and which shall be hailed as an honor to the great Em pire City. Let no man turn a deaf ear to their appeal

PUTMAN BOAT CLUB.

ON our first page we give full length portraits of th crew of the Lady Putman. This Club intends to ent into every regatta given, here or elsewhere, during th coming season, and have just contracted for the buildin of a new Race Boat.

BROOME AND PADDOCK.—The coming contest betwe these men for the new Champion Belt, of England, pr mises to create as great a sensation here as did th Walker and Hayes match, which has terminated so i gloriously. The betting on the Champion Fight already quite active, and, as the day approaches, wi necessarily increase. It is the opinion, generally, here away, that the battle will be one of the best ever wit nessed. We shall keep the reader posted, as the matc progresses.

THEATRES.—Items of interest concerning the move ments of actors and actresses, Circus Performers, Ethio pian Minstrels, &c., solicited from our friends abroad as we desire to make the CLIPPER a complete Amuse ment Directory.

PORTRAIT OF FORREST.—We expected to give in thi number a portrait of Mr. E. Forrest, as Hamlet The "cut" was not up to the mark, and it was discarded We will try another hand at it hereafter.

BAKER'S TRIAL AGAIN POSTPONED.—The Court of Oye and Terminer was opened on Monday last, but adjourne again to the 24th, when another attempt will be mad to empannel a jury for the trial of Louis Baker.

ON A TIME.—The Philadelphia Greys make an ex cursion to Niagara Falls, on the 19th of May.

☞ Don't forget that hereafter we go to press on Tuesday night. Correspondents who wish their favor to appear in season will please take notice, and act ac cordingly.

☞ OUR readers will perceive that our new heading is rather darker than it should be. This will be rem died in the course of one or two numbers.

THE PACIFIC.—The Collins line of steamers adopt the old adage, "Quick *sails* and small profits."

AQUATICS.

Ocean Steamers.

TO SAIL.

From Boston, for Liverpool, "Cambria," April 23.
" New York, " " "Baltic," " 26.
" " " "Africa," " 30.
" " for Havre via Cowes. "Arago," May 3.
" " " "Alma," May 3.
" Philadelphia, for Liverpool, "City of Baltimore," May 30.
" New York, for California, "Illinois," May 5.

ARRIVED.

"Africa," at New York, April 19—left Liverpool, April 5.

SAILED.

From Liverpool, for Boston, "Arabia," April 12.
" " for Philadelphia, "City of Baltimore," April 23.
" New York, for Aspinwall, "George Law," April 22.

GRAND NATIONAL REGATTA.—At a meeting of the Empire City Regatta Club, held on Monday evening last, it was resolved to make the necessary arrangements for a Grand National Regatta, to be given on the waters of New York, on Monday, the 23d of May. With the view of securing the co-operation of the citizens generally in this movement, it is contemplated to give a grand concert, at the Broadway Tabernacle, on the 19th of May. In this way, the New York public, who should take a lively interest in the Regatta in question, will have an opportunity of contributing their mite towards the necessary expenses of said National Regatta. It is presumed that Clubs from the principal cities in the Union will take part in the friendly contest, for which, we understand, several boats are now being expressly built. The successful issue of the great Regatta, given by the "Empire" last fall, in this vicinity, is sufficient guarantee that something grand may be expected in a National affair, under their direction. In order to give still greater *eclat* to the proposed Aquatic Carnival, it is sincerely to be hoped that the authorities of New York will give it their countenance and support. What say our friends in the "Two Boards?" Will they assist in making this Regatta creditable to the great Empire City? We hope our cotemporaries will also take the matter in hand, and lend their mighty influence in "rolling on the ball."

DEATH OF MR. ROBERT L. STEVENS.—Mr. R. L. Stevens, well known as the modeller of the celebrated yacht Maria, and other vessels, died at his residence in Hoboken, on Sunday last, the 20th, in the 68th year of his age.

PROGRESS OF YACHT AND BOAT BUILDING.—Builders generally are pretty busy throughout the different cities, and we may naturally expect to see some beautiful specimens of workmanship. At Greenpoint, Mr. Geo. W. Friend, who has assisted in the laying down of the steamers Vanderbilt, Niagara and Adriatic, for Mr. Steers, is building a yacht of the following dimensions, viz: length on deck, 35ft. 6in.; beam, 10ft. 6in.; depth, 4 feet. The model of this yacht, which is now in our office, is indeed beautiful, and, if followed out, the yacht must prove a skimmer of the waters. So confident is Mr. F. of her sailing qualities, that he guarantees to forfeit $200 if she does not beat any yacht of her tonnage. This yacht will be for sale as soon as completed, and those in want of such a vessel may learn all particulars by applying to Mr. F., at the foot of F. street, Greenpoint.

In Buffalo, Messrs. Beck & Johns have built for Mr. J. G. Lake, of that place, a yacht of 25 feet in length, 10 feet beam, 2 feet 6 inches deep, sloop rigged, &c., and which will be ready for sailing in a week or two. The same firm have also built for Mr. Lake a 19-foot boat. This gentleman takes a great interest in aquatic sports, and his boats are generally of a "fast" character.

In Chicago, since the purchase of the Lady Putman by a Club of that city, another Club has been formed, and they have made a contract with Mr. Patchell, of East Boston, to build them a 35-feet race boat, in no respect inferior to the L. P. She is to be finished about the 15th of May, and as there are these in both Clubs who will spare no expense on their boats, we may look for some fast rowing by the "Chicago boys" before the season is over. Who will carry the broom on Lake Michigan?

MAID OF ERIN FOR SALE.—We understand that the well-known race boat, "Maid of Erin," of Boston, is offered for sale by her present owners. This is the boat that contested in a match race with the St. John boat, Superior, in September last. Terms, &c., can be learned of Mr. James Hart, 210 North-street, or Eugene O'Neil, 5 Wendell-street, Boston, Mass.

AQUATICS AT SOUTH BOSTON.—A correspondent sends us the following respecting operations in the boating world of South Boston:

"Some eight or ten new boats have been built the past winter, and it is expected that a general contest will take place some time in July. There is a part of this place called 'Bay View,' and a Club is about organizing, to be called the 'Bay View Yacht Club;' they have a beautiful yacht nearly ready for launching, to be called the 'Bay View Belle;' she was modelled and built by J. W. Pierce, and reflects credit on his skill. If good looks and a good model have anything to do with sailing, she will be a hard one to beat. We are all getting ready, and expect a fine time the coming summer. The yachts Nettle, Macduff and Banshee have changed owners since last year, and we expect to see these boats do something, as their owners are determined to keep up the reputation they have won. It is hoped, also, that the Recruit will figure some among the ten-ton boats."

SPORT ON THE SCHUYLKILL.—Some lively sport is expected on the river Schuylkill the coming season, in the way of pleasure barge races. The following are the names and lengths of the barges, together with the number of oars pulled by each one, to wit:

1.	Linda,	pulling 6 oars.	35 feet on deck.
2.	Atalanta,	" 6 oars.	35 feet on deck.
3.	Imp	" 6 oars.	40 feet on deck.
4.	Flirt	" 6 oars.	36 feet on deck.
5.	Aerial,	" 8 oars.	45 feet on deck.
6.	Camilla,	" 6 oars.	36 feet on deck.
7.	Flash,	" 6 oars.	36 feet on deck.
8.	Iris,	" 6 oars.	40 feet on deck.

These boats all belong on the Schuylkill, nearly every one having a four-oared tender, which is used principally in regattas. A new tender is now being built by Albertson, foot of Shackomaxon-street, for the Ærial Boat Club, which, we understand, is to be a handsome affair; her length is 35 feet, pulling 4 oars.

A new barge, called the Iris, six-oared, 40 feet long, and built in New York, is to be added to the list, and is expected to arrive in Philadelphia on Wednesday afternoon, when all the boats were to be out to receive the stranger. May sweet success attend them all, say we.

THE "Atlantas" are getting their four-oared club boat in readiness, and the "Nassaus" of Brooklyn are also "fixing up" in style. These Clubs will soon be on the waters, to take part in our aquatic sports.

FIRST IN THE FIELD.—Our friends of the "Omacatl Club" were out on the 19th, in their old boat, "Wave." They were in full uniform, and took a row up the North River as far as "Stryker's Bay," returning about nine o'clock the same evening This, we believe, is the first excursion of the season, and right well was it enjoyed. The "Omacatl's" have a beautiful uniform, and in their barge made a handsome appearance.

PEDESTRIANISM.

OTTIGNON AND LOGAN.—These Chicago men have not yet come any arrangement for a second race that we are aware of. The following correspondence has passed between them on the subject:

TO PROFESSOR OTTIGNON.—Having understood you are dissatisfied with the result of our late contest, I beg leave to say I will run you within two weeks the same race of fifteen times around the circle—or less or more, at your option, for $50 or $100; you to choose one judge, myself one, and they the third. Should you think proper to accept this proposition I will deposit the stakes with L. J. North & Co., of North's Amphitheatre.

Yours truly, JAMES LOGAN.

TO MR. JAMES LOGAN.—On perusing the Democratic Press of this morning I observed your challenge directed to me—viz: to run round the circle of the Amphitheatre fifteen times or more or less, at my option, for a wager of $50 or $100. Being an experienced runner, I presume you are aware of the disadvantage a runner of my gait has in going round a small circle, and as the only correct way to decide on superiority is to run upon level ground in a straight line; in this way I will accept your offer, for two hundred dollars, to run a quarter of a mile. The time, as also the place, to be selected as you have suggested. Yours respectfully,

H. G. OTTIGNON.

TO PROFESSOR OTTIGNON,—I see by your card you do not see proper to accept of my proposition to run me again around the circle of the Amphitheater, but offer to run me a straight quarter of a mile for $200, which I beg respectfully to decline at present, but will meet you half way. That is, I will run you one third of a mile, say fourteen times around the circle of the Amphitheatre, for $100 a side, and one-third of a mile on a straight road for $100 a side, both play or pay. Choosing of judges and time as in my first proposition.

Yours truly, JAMES LOGAN.

P. S.—Should a quarter mile race suit you better I will accommodate you.

We have not received Ottignon's reply to this last communication, but presume that he will not agree to run in the Circus again, as his opponent has an advantage over him, he, Ottignon, making long strides, while Logan takes short steps, by which he is enabled to turn to better advantage.

THOMAS WOOD, of East Cambridge, will run Joe Travis, 3 or 5 miles, for $250 a side. Man and money ready at Adams Billiard Hall, Cambridge street.

J. G. Gilliway, of Boston, having understood that Jim Graham is anxious for a spin of a quarter of a mile, will run him that distance for from $5 to $25 a side. An answer through the CLIPPER will be attended to.

TWO RACES AT EAST CAMBRIDGE.—On Thursday afternoon, 24th, a large crowd assembled at the Lechmere House, to witness the pedestrian matches previously noticed. The day was rainy and the road in a very bad condition. The entries for the first race—3½ miles—were the Boston Buck, John Hutcherson, Geo. Brown, and Joseph Murch; but owing to some cause, only Buck and Hutcherson toed the scratch. [We here wish to state that if Brown and Murch desire to be supported by the public they should run when they allow their names to be put upon the bills, unless they show some good excuse.] At the word "go" the competitors went away at a slashing pace, and were soon out of sight to all the spectators who were on foot. The Buck took the lead and kept gaining on his opponent, and at the finish Hutcherson was nearly a quarter of a mile behind. The time occupied was eighteen minutes and thirty seconds. We learn that after this race the Buck was presented with a beautiful set of glass ware, by the Union Glass House Boys, of Somerville, for which he returned his thanks. The second race was a half mile dash between James Fogarty, of East Cambridge, and Samuel Mc Keever, the "Reindeer." It was won by the former in 2:12. Both of these men are firemen.

CHALLENGE TO GEO. BROWN.—As George Brown has been "talking" rather loud that he could beat me in a running match, this is to inform him that I am ready to make a match with him to run from 1 to 4 miles, for $25 a side. Man and money ready at No. 4 Water street.

WM. SHEEHAN,
Boston, April 19, 1856. The "Boston Buck."

HALF MILE RACE AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—A foot race took place on Portsmouth Bridge, on Friday afternoon, 11th inst., between two young men named Bunnels (a typo) and Shannon—distance half a mile—which was won by the former in 2:11. A large number of spectators were present, and everything passed off satisfactory.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF GRINDELL.—Some of the friends of Mr. John Grindell, in view of the fact that he has just come forth from a bed of sickness, have tendered him a Ball, which will take place at Hermitage Hall, on Friday evening, 25th inst. We hope it will be liberally patronized.

SCOTT AND THE SHOOTING STAR.—T. A. Scott, who competed a week or two since with Shooting Star, in Boston, says he won the race fairly, and he will run the same race over any time the Star wishes, for $100 a side.

THE RING.

SEEING that Johnny Mackey wants to fight me for $500, I will fight him on the conditions of the first challenge, that is, six months from that time, as I have had my hand sprained, and do not know how soon it will get well. Any time Johnny Mackey wants to put his money up I am ready at the house he mentioned, viz., Rephs Saloon, King street, Hamilton. JAMES BROWN, Potter, Dundas, C. W.

GLOVE FIGHT IN BOSTON.—On Wednesday evening, 19th inst., at Plymouth Hall, Boston, a Glove Fight took place between John Roberts and James Laverty. The fight occupied some 40 minutes, during which time there was some hard hitting, of which, in our opinion, Roberts seemed to have a leetle the best of it, Laverty being rather slow in his movements, although he is a tough bit of stuff. The contest would no doubt have continued for some time longer, but the "Chief" and his aids, who were present, would not suffer it to continue, although everything was conducted in a quiet and orderly manner. The set-to gave great satisfaction to the lovers of the "Manly Art," and convinced all present that this style of Self-Defence should be more extensively taught our young men, inasmuch as it would soon do away with the use of deadly weapons.

THAT READING FIGHT.—An old Reading friend, in whom we have the most implicit confidence, doubts the truth of the report in our last, from a correspondent, that a prize fight lately took place in that vicinity, between H. Woodruff and Bob Scott, for $50, and requests names of referee, stakeholders, &c. The said correspondent will please see to this.

I SEE by your last paper, I am challenged by Mathew Perkins to fight him for $100. All I have to say is this—I am ready to fight this "would-be Champion," for $250, and not less. Man and money ready at the "Brown Jug," corner Hudson and Charlton street.

JAMES D. GIBSON.

JOHN A. JOHNSON, of East Abingdon, says, as Martin Shehan seems anxious for a fight, he will give him a chance for $100 or $200, any time he thinks proper. Man and money ready at the Jack the Barber's saloon, East Abingdon, Mass.

PRICE AND FORD.—Mr. Price writes as follows: "I noticed in your last week's paper a communication from Barney Ford, which I think a little severe; but in order to convince the public that it has been no fault of mine that a match has not been made, I shall have to explain the state of things since the match was first proposed. When I was first challenged by Mr. Ford, I was in Connecticut. Some, whom I took for friends there, offered to back me for $25 and $50 each, which would have been more than the sum required; upon their promises, I answered Barney's challenge, but when I went to get the money, those who seemed so willing to back me offered to go $5 and $10 only, and, moreover, wanted me to go $50 in the first deposit myself. When I saw their intention, I determined to go to Boston and state the case frankly to Barney; I did so, and some gentlemen present offered to back me for $100 and the room money. Barney declined, as he was sick at the time. Since then, I went to make a match with Barney, and told him that to show I meant fighting, I would fight him for a new hat, or for $50, in an hour's notice, or for $200 in six weeks, and was willing to put up $25 forfeit; but he would not fight for less than $300 in 8 weeks. Finally, I agreed to it, and we met that night to draw up articles and put up $25 forfeit; but when the articles were ready, Barney said his backers would not make a match unless I put up $150 forfeit. As I could not raise that sum, being a stranger in Boston, I have been obliged to let the matter drop. I think there is as much honor in winning a small stake as a large one. As I have not $300 to fight with, I should like to have a brush with the gloves with Barney for the amusement of a few private friends.

My respects to Mr. J. Mackey, and am glad to hear he is himself again, hoping he will forbear challenging me, as I have no money; no doubt people will think I am worth nothing, or somebody would back me. I don't blame them; I begin to think so myself."

SPARRING.

ORVILLE GARDNER'S EXHIBITION.—Orville Gardner, better known as "Awful Gardner," is about to make his appearance in sparring circles again, and will give an Exhibition at the Shakespeare Hotel, corner of Duane and William street, on Monday evening next, April 28th, when he will appear in sets-to, with some well known boxers. As Mr. Gardner has not appeared at an exhibition for a long time, we have no doubt that his friends will crowd the Shakespeare, and give him an enthusiastic welcome. Tickets 50 cents. We learn also, that Mr. Gardner intends visiting Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities, on a Sparring tour. We wish him every success.

EXHIBITION BY ROBERTS AND LAVERTY.—John Roberts, of Chicago, and James Laverty, of St. Louis, will take a joint benefit, on Saturday evening, 26th inst., at Kerrigan's Hall, 22 White street. Messrs. Roberts and Laverty, it will be seen elsewhere, had a glove fight in Boston, lately, which was witnessed by some of the most respectable citizens of Boston. We presume they will "fight their battle o'er again," on Saturday evening.

EXHIBITION IN NEWARK.—Sam Seymour will give a Sparring Exhibition at the Shades, 172 Broad street, Newark, on the 5th of May, when he hopes to see his Newark and New York friends present, and promises them a treat in the boxing line.

FARRELL'S BENEFIT.—Patsy Farrell intends giving a Sparring Exhibition at Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, on Wednesday next, April 30, when he will be assisted by the fancy generally. Tickets 25 cents.

CRICKET.

THE approaching season in Cricketing circles bids fair to be unusually animated—the New York and St. George's Clubs, of this city, will open the ball at an early day.

Our friends in Albany are also in the field—the Albany Club have again selected Mr. W. Lacey as their President, and to him all communications for the Club should be addressed. The Match Committee of this Club have invited the Utica Club to play the conquering game between the Clubs, at Albany, in June next. It is also determined that the return match with the Poughkeepsie Club, shall be played during the month of June. In July, it is understood that matches will be played at Albany with the Newark Club, and at Amsterdam or Albany with the Amsterdam Club. With all this work before them, the Albany Club certainly will not "let the grass grow beneath their feet." They have already commenced putting their grounds in order.

FIRST MATCH OF THE SEASON.—The first Cricket Match of the season, came off in South Camden, opposite Philadelphia, on Saturday, April 19th, between the Germantown and Delphian Clubs, which resulted in the former Club being victorious in one innings. As this was the first match of the season, and a good deal of excitement on the occasion, it was the means of bringing together a goodly number of players from all parts of Philadelphia. We also noticed some of the fair sex, who, we suppose, were anxious to witness the sport, and who seemed to enjoy it very much. The following is the score:

DELPHIAN CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Brown ct. F. Wister b. Mears	10	Brown b. Newhall	1
2. Hanson b. Jones Wister.	0	Hanson, not out	1
3. Howie b. Jones Wister.	0	Baines, run out	4
4. Jos. Fisher ct. Johnson b. Jones Wister	0	Howie b. Mears	8
		Kelly ct. Cadwallader b. Jones Wister	0
5. Collis b. Jones Wister	0	Dillard ct. b. J. Wister.	0
6. Baines b. W. R. Wister.	0	Collis ct. W. R. Wister b. Mears	6
7. Kuhn ct. W. R. Wister b. Mears	0	Dusenberry ct. W. R. Wister b. Wister	1
8. Kelly b. W. R. Wister	3	Kuhn, run out	0
9. Dusenberry b. Mears	6	Jos. Fisher b. Mears	1
10. Dillard b. Mears	0	Palmer b. Mears	1
11. Palmer, not out	1	Byes	2
Byes	1	Wides	0
Wides	0	No balls	0
No balls	0		
	21		25

GERMANTOWN CLUB.

First Innings.			
1. Bayard st. Collis	2	9. Cadwallader b. Dillard	1
2. Jones Wister b. Collis	1	10. Johnson, run out	1
3. Mears b. Brown	21	11. W. R. Wister, not out	5
4. McCall b. Collis	0	Byes	1
5. Newhall ct. Kuhn b. Collis	10	Wides	0
6. Potter b. Brown	0	No balls	1
7. W. L. Fisher b. Dillard	6		76
8. F. Wister, run out	6		

Delphian Club—First Innings..... 21
Do. do. Second Innings..... 25
Total..... 46
Germantown Club—First Innings..... 75
Deduct..... 46
29

Umpire for Delphian Club.....Dr. Bradley.
Do. for Germantown Club....Dr. Townsend Bache.

MATCH FOR SATURDAY.—A Cricket match will take place on Saturday next, between the Young American Clubs, Olymphian vs. the Keystone, on their grounds, near Mantua Village, Philadelphia.

CANINE,

CHAFFERS dog Lift, and Buckly's Cribb, fought on the 18th, at the Chelsea Manor House, for $100 a side. Lift, refused to scratch, after fighting 25 minutes, and Cribb was declared the winner.

On Saturday evening, 26th, at McLaughlin's, 155 First Avenue, Mulholland's Newcastle dog Bounce, and McMahon's slut Lilly, will have a go for $50 a side.

James Godley, of Fall River, requests us to state that, for his dog Cribb be will accept of no more challenges, but that he has a 23½ lbs. dog that he will match against any dog of the same weight, in America, for from $200 to $300 a side. A match can be made by addressing James Godley, No. 90, foot of Anawan street, Fall River, Mass.

I will fight my 27 lb. dog, against the Fall River dog, 27 lbs. for $100 a side—or I will give a pound to the same dog, if the owner will stake $150 to my $100. This is a chance for the winner of the late fight. JAMES MCLAUGHLIN, 155 First Avenue, New York.

A Great Rat match will take place at the house of James McLaughlin, 155 First Avenue, on the 2d of May, between the two celebrated black and tan dogs, Mr. Morris's Jerry, and Mr. McKeon's dog Nimrod—each to kill 50 rats, for $25 a side.

A Match at Rat killing, for a Silver Collar, came off at James McLaughlins, on the 17th, each dog killing 5 rats. The following is the result: Fan, 21 lbs., 45 sec.; Bull, 25 lbs., 60 sec.; Spring, 20 lbs., 30 sec.; Black Jack, 24 lbs., 65 sec.; Snap, 25 lbs., 62 sec.; Red Jack, 23 lbs., 59 sec.; Sport, 19 lbs., 33 sec.; Tutch, 23 lbs., 29 sec.; Nailor, 25 lbs., 20 sec. Resulting in favor of Nailor, who received the collar.

GRAND RATTING MATCH.—A match for $100 a side will take place at "Canine Hall," 146 North street, Boston, on Friday evening, 25th of April, between Mr. J. B. Roberts' slut "Jenny" and Mr. Ladds dog "Pincher." Sport to commence at 8 o'clock. Other matches for dogs of all weights will take place during the above evening.

A contest is to come off at Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, on the 29th, for $100 a side, between McMann's dog Frank, and Shaffer's Jack, 33 lbs.

OFF.—In consequence of the illness of the owner of the dog Billy, the rat match noticed in our last, to take place on Friday evening, 25th, at the London Pleasure House, has been postoned for the present.

A Rat Worry came off at the house of Mr. Wm. Leech, 24th Ward, Philadelphia, on Saturday, 12th, when there was quite a lively time, it being something new in that part of the country,—the boys went into it with a good will; entrees were made for six dogs, each having 6 rats to kill—the prize, a Silver Mounted Collar. The following is a summary: Slut Fanny, 22 sec.; McDermot Dog, 22 sec.; Dog Captain, 26 sec.; Dog Ike, 1 min., 16 sec.; Dog Stranger, 1 min., 30 sec.; Dog Jack, 20 sec.; and winner of the collar.

A Match came off at the same place on Saturday 19th, to test the superiority of dogs. No prize being up, when the dog Jim was matched against the dog Mac; (neither of these dogs have front teeth,) at 6 rats each. Summary: Dog Jim, 50 sec.; Dog Mac, 34 sec. Another match resulted as follows: Dog Jack, 22 sec.; McDermot Dog, 34 sec.; Slut Lize, 55 sec.

A GOOD SHOT.—The Concord (N. H.) Patriot informs us that as Mr. Willard Colby of Henneker, was passing towards his house from work, he saw two large hawks soaring near him. Having a shot gun with him, he fired as they grappled each other, and both fell so crippled that they were captured, and are now in the possession of Mr. Colby, alive. They measured each four feet, from point to point of their wings.

The funeral of G. G. Foster took place on Saturday afternoon from his late residence, No. 390 South Ninth street, Philadelphia and was attended by a large number of the press, and his personal friends. His remains were laid in the Mount Moriah Cemetery.

WRESTLING.—Mr. Tregloan, having got through with his match with Mr. Thomas Martin, as noticed last week, requests us to state that he is now ready to make a match with Levi Martin, slip hold, best 2 out of 3 fair back falls, for whatever sum may be agreed upon.

NAVAL.—A draft of seamen, intended for the sloop-of-war Portsmouth, arrived here on Thursday, in the steamship Roanoke, from New York.

At his own request, Com. [illegible] has been permitted to leave, and Com. E. A. F. Lavallette has been ordered to succeed him in command of the Gosport Navy Yard. [Norfolk Herald, April 19.

A RICH SERMON.

THE following rich extract from a sermon loses much of its humor, because we cannot put in print the peculiar sing-song style and appropriate gestures that accompany it:

"My friends, sin makes the purtiest young man or woman in the world look ugly-ah. And I'll tell you how-ah. As I was coming up to church to-day, I saw some young men in the road-ah. And as I drew nigh unto them I discovered that they were plaping marvels-ah. And this purty young man was the last one to marvel-ah. And when he marveled, he jumped up and flapped his hands, like a rooster does his wings, and says he, 'I wish I may be cussed if I han't fat-ah.' And, oh, my friends, then I thought that was the ugliest young man I ever saw in my life-ah. And I opened my mouth and spake unto him thus, says I, 'young man, this is not the way to salvation.' And, says he, 'Old horse, if you had been salivated as bad as I have, you wouldn't want to hear anything about salivation.'

"And now my friends, when that ar' young man said he was fat he told a lie-ah, for he was as lean as that hungry looking sister over thar that's always praying so piously when the contribution hat is being passed around-ah.

"And now my friends, if that ar' young man hadn't been blinded by sin he never could ha' mistuck me for an old horse."

BATTLES FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Third and Last Contest between Caunt and Bendigo.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1845.

THE third trial between Ben Caunt and Bendigo, for £200 a side, and the Champion Belt, created the most intense excitement throughout "All England." The ring was pitched at Sutfield Green, Oxon, and long before the men entered the arena, full 10,000 persons had congregated around it. At 20 minutes past 3, the men entered the ring, Caunt attended by Jem Molyneaux and D'Orsay Turner, while Bendigo had the assistance of Nick Ward and Jack Hannan. Caunt was loudly cheered, but the reception of Bendigo was a complete ovation, while the Nottingham roughs, flourishing their sticks, and surrounding the ropes and stakes, evinced a spirit of partizanship very unusual, and certainly very unbecoming on such an occasion. At length these gentlemen retired to the rear of the inner circle, and we will do them the justice to say that they kept the outer ring, comprised principally of country people who had not purchased their tickets, at a tolerably respectful distance. After the first ebullition had subsided, Caunt and Bendigo shook hands. The toss for choice of corners was won by Caunt, who took the highest ground, and left Bendy the opposite corner, with the sun full in his face. Spring, in compliance with the articles, then produced the Champion's belt, which he handed to Bendigo, in order that he might be satisfied as to its identity. Bendy buckled it round his waist in a sort of bravado, and afterwards handed it to Jem Ward, to be held by him until the fate of the day was decided Bendy offered to lay an even £50 he won the fight, which was politely declined by Caunt, and the men then proceeded to their toilettes. The question of referee was now brought forward, and upon this point there was, of course, great discrepancy of opinion. A number of persons were mentioned on both sides, but each name was received with some objection, until at last the name of "The Old Squire" was proposed. This gentleman had retired to his carriage, from apprehensions of personal danger, and at first declined to act, but on being told that unless he did the match would not in all probability come off, he acceded to the wishes of the multitue, and was escorted to the side of the ring, close to which he took up his position. The colors were now tied to the stakes, that of Bendigo being blue with a white spot, and that of Caunt a bright orange and blue border, with the following inscription in a garter in the centre:—"Caunt and Bendigo, for £200 a side, and the Championship of England, 9th September, 1845." This surrounded a motto, "May the best man win." All being now in readiness the foremost ranks of the spectators either sat or knelt down, and this position they maintained until the disorders to which we have already referred grandually increased, and confusion became worse confunded.

On stripping, the contrast between the men was extraordinary; Caunt, as compared with Bendigo, presented a gigantic aspect, while his huge limbs, divested of their customary covering of flesh, had a most singular appearance. His ribs were as palpable as those of a greyhound, and his long arms, thighs, and legs, covered only with muscles and sinews, gave him the appearance of perfect condition. His face, too, had a most extraordinary expression, offering plenty of bony substance on which Bendigo might crack his knuckles. His hair was cut remarkably short, and his ancient scars standing forth undisguised gave a character to his mug far removed from the poet's description of Adonis. Still his eyes were bright, and there was an expression of good humor in his lank and pale phiz that showed perfect self-possession, and internal confidence. His weight but little exceeded 14 stone, and his height, rendered more striking from his diminution in bulk, was exactly 6 feet 2½. Bendigo offered an aspect much more agreeable, his complexion was clear and fresh colored, while his frame generally showed perfect health; his weight, we were informed, was 11st. 10lb. His grey eyes were bright and sparkling, and his manner eccentric, but confident. There is a natural restlessness about him which was by no means diminished on this occasion, and he had evidently made up his mind, by every dodge of which he was master, to steal upon his opponent, and to escape from the effects of his fearful physical superiority. He saw that he was numerously supported by his friends, and it was clear that he was by no means dismayed by the odds in height and length to which he was about to be opposed. The odds, and there was a good deal of betting, may be quoted at 6 to 4 on Caunt.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The much-desired moment for the commencement of the mill at length arrived, preliminarised by a simultaneous cry of "Down, down; hats off," &c. Molineaux and Turner led their man to the scratch, while Nick Ward and Jack Hannan performed the like office for Bendigo. Hands having been crossed, the seconds retired to their corners, and business commenced. Caunt threw himself into attitude, erect and smiling, while Bendigo at once began to play round him, dodging in his usual style. Caunt let fly his left, but missed. Bendigo, active on his pins, retreated, and *chassed* left and right; at last he crept in closer, then out again, till, watching his opportunity, he got closer, and popped in a smack with his left on Caunt's right eye. After a few lively capers, he succeeded in delivering another crack with his left on Caunt's cheek, opening the old scar left by Brassey, and drawing first blood, as well as producing an electric effect on Caunt's optic. Shouts unlimited from Bendigo's friends. Bendy got away laughing, and again played round his man. Caunt got closer, missed an intended slasher with his left, and closed for the fall. Bendy grappled with him, but could not escape, and Caunt, by superior strength, forced him down in the corner.

2. Caunt up at the call of 'time,' his eye and cheek testifying the effects of the visitations in the last round; Bendigo dancing round him and waiting for an opening. Slight exchanges right and left, Caunt missing his opponent's head. Bendigo, in retreating to the ropes, slipped down, was up again in a moment, and dashed to his man. Wild exchanges, but no apparent execution. Caunt hit out viciously left and right, missed his kind intentions, and Bendy got down unscathed.

3. Caunt came up quick, and determined on annihilation. Bendy again played about him, but did not get near enough for execution. After some wild passes, Caunt missing, Bendigo, on the retreat, was caught in the powerful grasp of Caunt, who threw him across the ropes and fell on him, but no mischief done.

4. Caunt came up blowing or whistling, when Bendigo, after a little dodging, popped in his left under his guard, and got way. Caunt, determined on mischief, followed his man, and at last getting to him, let go left and right, catching Bendigo with the left slightly on the mouth, but missing his right. Bendigo, finding himself in difficulty, got down, falling on the rope, and grinning facetiously at Goliah the Second, who walked back to his corner.

5. Caunt, the first to lead off, drew on his man, but Bendigo retreated, Caunt after him, till he reached the ropes, when Caunt hit out left and right, his blows passing harmlessly over Bendy's head There was a want of precision in Caunt's delivery not to be accounted for, with his supposed science. Bendigo, who stopped rather wildly, got down.

6. Caunt first to the call of time, waiting with his hands well up, but blowing as if from habit. Bendy manœuvred to the right and left. Caunt approached him, but he retreated. Caunt let fly left and right, but Bendy ducked his canister, and got down, with more of caution than gallantry.

7. Left-handed exchanges on the nobs, but of no moment. Caunt made some desperate lunges right and left, was too high, and Bendy slipped down.

8. Bendy, after a few dodges, got within Caunt's guard with his left, and gave him a pretty pop on the cheek. Caunt missed his return, but seizing Bendy in his grip, flung him across the ropes. Here he hung heavily on him, till at last he overbalanced himself, and fell over on his own head, dragging Bendy with him, amidst loud shouts and abusive epithets from the Nottingham school.

9. Bendy came up full of fight, played round his man, watching for an opportunity to place the left; this at last offered, and catching Caunt on the old wound, he ducked his head to avoid the return, and dropped.

10. More sly manœuvring on the part of Bendy, who, after dancing about at arm's length, stole a march, and caught Caunt a stinging smack with his left on the right cheek, drawing more claret, and giving the big'un more of the tragedy hue. Caunt instantly closed, gave Bendy the Cornish hug, flung him by main strength, and fell on him.

11. Bendy pursued his eccentric gyrations around his man, when, with the swiftness of lightning, he popped in his left on the jaw, and his right on the body, and fell. Caunt, stung by these visitations, followed him, and dropped on his knees close to his man, but, luckily, did not touch him, and Bendy was picked up laughing and uninjured; in fact, up to this time he scarce showed the semblance of a hit, beyond a slight contusion on the lip, and on the left ear.

12. Bendigo retreated from Caunt's vigorous charge right and left, and slipped down, but instantly jumped up and renewed the round. After some wild fighting, but no execution worth recording, Bendy went down in his corner, amidst cries of "foul, unmanly," &c., &c.

13. Caunt, on coming to the scratch, let fly with his left, just grazing the top of Bendy's scalp. A sharp rally followed, and counter-hits with the left were exchanged, Bendy hitting Caunt with such terrific force on the old spot on the right cheek that he knocked him clean off his legs, thus gaining the first knock-down blow, amidst the deafening shouts of the Nottingham boys. Such was the force of Bendigo's blow that he actually rebounded back against the stake, and Caunt was picked up almost stunned by the severity of the visitation.

14. Bendy, elated with his handiwork in the last round, again dashed in with his left, but not being sufficiently quick in his retreat, Caunt caught him round the neck with his left, lifted him to the ropes, and there hung on him, till Bendigo, in trying to escape from his grasp, pulled him forward, threw, and fell heavily on him, amidst the indignant shouts of his opponents.

15. Bendy came up as lively as a kitten, while Caunt, undismayed, came smiling to the scratch. Caunt plunged in left and right, but missed; he then seized his man for the throw, but Bendy slipped round, and catching Caunt by the neck, pulled him down.

16. Bendy tried his left-handed dodge, but missed, and retreated. Caunt followed him to his corner, hitting out left and right, but throwing his hands too high. Caunt grappled for the fall, but Bendy got down, Caunt following suit, and, as he sat on the ground, beckoning Bendigo to come to him.

17. Bendy made himself up for mischief, and played round his man for a few seconds, when getting within distance, he delivered a terrific hit with his left on Caunt's mouth, and fell. Caunt's upper lip was completely split by this blow, and the blood flowed from the wound in torrents, while renewed cheers of exultation from the Nottingham division evinced their delight.

18. Bendy again came the artful dodge, put in his left on Caunt's mouth, and fell. Caunt pointed at him, but Bendy laughed and nodded

19. Bendy, more cautious, kept out. Caunt rushed to him, hitting out left and right, but with little effect. Bendy retreated. Caunt caught him on the ropes, and hung on him till he fell. More shouting and screeching at Caunt.

20. Caunt, anxious to be at work, advanced, while Bendy retreated to the ropes, where he hit up with his left and dropped. Caunt was retiring, when Bendy jumped up and had another slap at him. Caunt turned round and caught him under his arm as he attempted to escape, lifted him to the ropes, and there held him till he fell, amidst the infuriated cries of Bendy's friends.

21. Caunt prompt to the call of time, his hands well up, but Bendy again stole a march, popped in his left, and slipped down to avoid a return of the compliment. Indignant expressions at this unmanly way of terminating the rounds.

22. Bendy was still free from punishment, and looked as fresh as when he entered the ring, while Caunt, although firm and active on his pins, showed heavy marks of punishment on his frontispiece, his cheek with a gaping wound, his lip split, and eye and nose evincing the consequences of Bendy's sly but stinging visitations. Caunt, impatient at Bendy's out-fighting, rushed to him left and right, but Bendy, unwilling to try the weight of superior metal, slipped down, and Caunt fell over him, but not on him, as his friends anticipated, and as, perhaps, he intended.

23 Both fresh. After a little dodging, advancing, and retreating, Bendy again nailed Caunt with his left on his damaged kissing-trap. Caunt caught him a slight nobber on the head with his left, and Bendy got down.

24. Bendy again played round his man till within distance, when he popped in a heavy blow on the ribs with his left, and got down without a return. There was an immediate cry of "foul," and an appeal was made to the referee. He hesitated, amidst tumultuous cries of "fair, fair," and allusions to the size of Caunt. The uproar was terrific, and the inner circle was overwhelmed by the roughs from without rushing in to enforce their arguments in favor of Bendy. At last the referee decided "fair," and "time" was called.

25. Nick Ward was here so overcome with his exertions, that he was taken out of the ring, and his office was filled by Nobby Clark. The moment time was called, and Bendy reached the scratch, Caunt rushed to him left and right, and after wild and slight exchanges with the left, Bendy threw himself down—certainly in violation of the rules of fair fighting.

26. Bendy, after a little hankey-pankey manœuvring, popped in his left on Caunt's mug, and retreated to the corner of the ring. Caunt followed him with so much impetuosity that he hit his hand against the stake. In the close, and scramble for the fall, Bendy succeeded in pulling Caunt down, falling with him.

27. Caunt on his guard, his hands well up. Bendy stepped in, delivered his left on the old spot, and dropped to avoid; Caunt shaking his finger at him as he retired to his corner.

28. Caunt attempted to lead off with his left, but Bendy retreated to the ropes, over which Caunt forced him, and as he lay upon him, both still hanging on the lower rope, Bendy hit up with his left. In this position they lay, half in and half out of the ring, till released by their seconds.

29. Caunt let fly left and right, but he was short. Bendy playing the shifty game. Wild fighting on both sides, till Caunt fell on his knees. Bendy looked at him, lifted his hand to strike, but he prudently withheld the blow, and walked to his corner.

30. A rally, in which both fought wildly, Caunt catching Bendy a crack over the right brow, from which the claret flowed, and Bendy returning the compliment on Caunt's smeller. In the end Bendy slipped down, and, on rising, a small black patch was placed on the damaged thatch of his peeper.

31. Bendy resumed his hitting and getting down system, popping in his left on Caunt's muzzle, and dropping.

32. The same game repeated Spring, indignant, appealed to the referee; and Molineaux, in like manner, called on the umpires for their decision; they dissgreed, and Molineaux ran to the referee. The roughs again had their say. A blow was aimed at Spring's head with a bludgeon, which, fortunately, only fell on his shoulder. It was a spiteful rap, and he felt the effect of it for some days. The referee declared, however, that he had not seen anything unfair, and Molineaux returned to his man, and brought him to the scratch at the call of time, amidst tremendous confusion, sticks in operation in all directions, and many expressing great dissatisfaction at Bendy's unfair mode of fighting, and the reluctance of the referee to decide against him.

33. A short round, in which Bendy retreated, and Caunt, following, caught him at the ropes, and threw him over, falling on him.

34. Bendy again popped in his left, and threw himself down. This was repeated in the two succeeding rounds, but Bendy's friends attributed it to accident, and not design, and there was no adverse decision on the part of the referee, whose position, amidst the tumult that prevailed, was far from enviable. He must have been possessed of no small nerve to have presumed to decide against the arguments that were so significantly shaken in the vicinity of his knowledge-box, and to this must be attributed his reluctance to give a candid opinion.

37. Bendy tried his hit and get down practice, but Caunt seized him round the neck, threw, and fell over him.

38. A wild and scrambling rally, in which Bendigo caught it on the nob. After a wild scramble, they fell, Caunt within, and Bendigo without the ropes, when each put his tongue out at the other, like angry boys.

39. A slight exchange of hits with the left; when Bendy went down laughing.

40 Bendy popped in his left on Caunt's ancient wound, his right on the ribs, and slipped down.

41. Bendy renewed his left-handed visitation, and was retreating, when Caunt rushed after him, caught him at the ropes, over which he threw him and fell on him. A blow was here aimed at Caunt's head by one of the roughs with a bludgeon, but it fell on Bendy's shoulder.

42. Exchanges of hits left and right, when Bendy got down.

43. Bendy manœuvred in his old way, delivered a smashing hit with his left on Caunt's throat, and went down without a return.

44. Caunt came up, fresh, and rushed to the assault, but Bendy got down. Caunt, indignant, jumped over him, but luckily fell on his knees beyond him, without touching him. It was assumed that he meant to jump on him, and an uproarious appeal of "foul" was made to the referee, which, after much confusion, he declared in the negative.

45. Bendy renewed his merry-andrew curvettings, and tried his left, but Caunt seized him round the neck with his right, and swung him twice round like a cat. Bendy succeeded in getting the lock with his right leg, when Caunt gave him a twist, threw, and fell heavily on him, a little to the derangement of the Nottingham heroes, who shouted most vociferously.

46. Caunt again succeeded in catching Bendy by the neck under his powerful arm, threw, and fell heavily on him, but at the same time came with great force against the ground himself.

47. Caunt led off with the left, catching Bendy on the forehead. Bendy retreated, hit Caunt as he came in with his left on his distorted phiz, dropped, and looked up in derision. Appeal from this species of generalship seemed now to be idle, and was not repeated.

The succeeding ten rounds were fought in the same style. Little worthy of note occurred; each in turn obtained some trifling advantage in the hitting or falling, but neither exhibited any disposition to say enough, although we thought that Bendigo, from his repeated falls, began to evince symptoms of fatigue. The confusion round the ring continued most annoying, although the ropes and stakes were still preserved entire. Many persons, from the pressure of those behind, were completely exhausted, and happy to beat a retreat. For ourselves, we had repeatedly to bear the weight of some half-dozen neighbors, to which the bodies of both Caunt and Bendigo were occasionally added as they fell over the ropes on us. During this time the members of the London Ring, with one or two exceptions (Macdonald and Johnny Broome in particular,) were perfectly quiescent, and looked on with modest timidity, evidently afraid to interfere with the "club law" of the Nottingham bands, who were regularly organized, and obeyed the signals of their leaders with a discipline worthy of a better cause.

58. Bendigo "jumped Jim Crow" round his man, tipped him a left handed smeller, and dropped without a return

59. Caunt followed Bendy to the corner of the ring, hitting out left and right, but without precision, and certainly without doing execution. Bendy nailed him with his left in the old style, and slipped down, but instantly jumped up to renew the round. Caunt, instead of stopping to fight, considering the round over, ran across the ring to his corner, Bendy after him, till they reached the ropes, and after a confused scramble, in which Bendy used his left and right behind Caunt's back, both were down, amidst general expressions of distaste at this style of fighting, but loud applause for Bendy.

60. Caunt no sooner on his legs than to his man, but Bendy escaped his intended compliments left and right, threw his left on the mouth, and dropped, Caunt falling over him.

61. One hour and twenty-four minutes had now elapsed, but there were still no symptoms of an approaching termination to the battle; each appeared fresh on his pins, and strong; and although Caunt showed awful flesh wounds on his dial, there was nothing to diminish the hopes of his friends. Bendy exhibited but a few slight contusions, and although, no doubt, shaken by the falls, and his own repeated prostrations, he appeared as active and leary as ever. Caunt, anxious to be at work, rattled to his man, hitting left and right, but Bendy retired, and fell back across the ropes.

62 Bendy again on the retreat; Caunt after him, hitting wildly and without precision, left and right. Bendy gave him an upper pep with his left, and slipped down. Caunt was retiring, when Bendy jumped up again to renew active operations, but Caunt dropped on his knees, looked up in Bendy's face grinning, as much as to say "Would you?" and Bendy, deeming discretion the better part of valor, contented himself with shaking his fist and retiring to his corner. Spring here remarked that jumping up to hit a man after the round was over, and when he was unprepared, was as much foul as striking a man when down, and in this we perfectly concur.

63. Caunt let fly left and right, but missed his blows. Both slipped down on their knees in the struggle which followed, and laughed at each other. In Caunt's laugh, from the state of his mug, there was little of the comic

64. Bendy renewed his hankey-pankey tricks, and tottered round his opponent. Caunt rushed to him, but he retreated to the ropes, hit up, and dropped, but instantly rose again to renew the round. Caunt was with him, but he again got down, falling over the bottom rope; and Caunt narrowly escaped dropping with his knee on a tender part.

65. Bendy again dropped his left on the sly on Caunt's damaged phiz, and went down. Caunt fell over him, jumped up, and retired to his corner.

66. A slight rally, in which wild hits were exchanged, and Bendy received a pop in the mouth, which drew the claret. Bendy dropped on one knee, but although Caunt might have hit him in this position, he merely drew back his hand, and refrained.

67. Bendy came up cautious, keeping *a la distance* for a few seconds, when he slily approached, popped in a tremendous body blow with his left, and dropped, as if from the force of his own delivery, but evidently from a desire to avoid the return Caunt winced under the effect of this hit, and went to his corner.

68. Caunt quickly advanced to his work, but Bendy retreated to the corner, waited for him, popped in a slight facer, and, in a wild scramble, got down.

69. Bendy threw in another heavy body blow with his left, and was going down, when Caunt, with great adroitness, caught him round the neck with his left arm, lifted him completely off the ground, and hobbing him for a few seconds, fell heavily on him.

70, 71, 72, and 73. Scrambling rounds, in which wild exchanges took place, and Bendy slipped down as usual to avoid punishment.

74. Caunt to the charge, and Bendy on the retreat to the corner, where he succeeded in flinging in his left with terrific force on Caunt's damaged cheek, and dropped.

75. Bendy again on the retreat, till he came to the ropes, over which he was forced. Caunt on him.

76. Caunt planted his left on Bendy's pimple, and he slipped down.

77. A scrambling round, in which both hit wildly, and without effect. Caunt in vain tried to nail his man with his right; he was always too high, and Bendy went down. The uproar without the ring was tremendous and whips and sticks were indiscriminately applied.

78. Bendy, after some dodging, delivered his right heavily on Caunt's body and got down. It was a fearful smack.

79. Caunt led off with his left; Bendy ducked to avoid; and in the close both were down. Bendy was too cunning to allow his opponent the chance of the throw.

80. Bendy made his favorite sly hit with his left on Caunt's smeller, and slipped down without the account being balanced. "Time" was very inaccurately kept, a minute instead of half that time, being frequently allowed.

81. Bendy again displayed symptoms of fatigue, and was tenderly nursed. On coming to the scratch, however, he planted his left on Caunt's carcase, and slipped down.

82. Caunt led off. Bendy retreated to the ropes, and fell backwards stopping, but instantly jumped up to recommence hostilities, when Caunt literally ran away across the ring, with his head down, Bendigo after him, hitting him on the back of the neck. At length Caunt reached his corner, and in the scramble which followed, and in which Caunt seemed to have lost his presence of mind, both went down, amidst contemptuous shouts at the imputed pusillanimity of the Champion.

83. Bendy, on the retreat, hit up; Caunt returned the compliment on Bendy's mouth with his left, and on Bendy attempting to get down, he caught him round the neck with undiminished strength, pulled him up, threw him over, and fell heavily on him.

84. Bendy, on being lifted on his second's knee, showed blood from the mouth, and was certainly shaken by the last fall; still he came up boldly, but cautiously. Caunt rattled to him left and right, but he retreated towards the stake, which Caunt caught with his right as he let fly at him, and Bendy slipped down, receiving a body tap as he fell.

85. Caunt rushed to his man, but Bendy, on his attempting to close, got down, unwilling to risk another heavy fall. He was obviously getting fatigued from his exertions and the excessive heat of the sun.

The uproar was now greater than ever; the referee was driven into the ring, and the roaring and bawling in favor of Bendigo, and in contempt of Caunt, was beyond description. We were overwhelmed again and again, and were with difficulty extracted from a pyramid of our fellow-men by the welcome aid of Jack Macdonald, our togs torn, and our tile quite shocking. The exertions of Jem Ward and others enabled them to restore the referee to his position, but he was evidently in a twitter, and the whips and sticks often reached within an inch of his "castor," while they fell heavily on the nobs of some of his neighbors. Several "Corinthians," who endeavored to brave the storm, were involved in the general *melee*, and had sufficient reason to be disgusted with the conduct of the parties towards whom they are always disposed to vouchsafe their patronage, and who, as we have already said, with few exceptions, looked on inactive.

86. The Nottingham hero came up nothing daunted, but with an evident determination to continue to play the old soldier. Caunt, as usual, evinced a desire to get at his opponent, but the latter jumped away, and, waiting his opportunity, threw in his left heavily on the big'un's eye, and in escaping from the retort, slipped down.

87. Caunt, although so repeatedly hit, came up as fresh and strong as ever. He was incapable, however, of parrying the cunning dodges of Bendy, who again gave him a stinging rap on the cheek, and staggering back, fell, amidst cries of "foul," and appeals from Caunt's friends to the referee; but in the din which prevailed no decision was obtained.

88. Two hours had now elapsed, and still there was no apparent approximation towards a termination of the combat, while the confusion which prevailed round the ring prevented anything like a dispassionate criticism of the operations within. Bendy came up slowly, while Caunt was evidently disposed to annihilate him, as indeed his formidable fists induced every one to believe he would have done long before, but Bendy prudently kept out of distance until a slight opening in the guard of Caunt enabled him to jump in and deliver his left twice in succession, on effecting which he slipped down, and looked up with a triumphant leer at the mystified Champion.

89 Bendy again made himself up for mischief, and cleverly avoiding Caunt's attempt to reach him left and right, delivered a heavy hit with his right on the Champion's ribs, which was distinctly heard amidst the row; after which he dropped, and Caunt retired to the corner.

90. A close, and struggle for the fall, which Caunt easily obtained, falling heavily on his adversary, and his knee again happily escaped pressure on a vital part. From Bendy's shifty tactics it was impossible for Caunt to avoid falling as he did. It, however, led to a fresh appeal by Johnny Hannan on the part of Bendigo, and a contradiction by Molineaux on the part of Caunt. The umpires disgreed, and the question having been put to the referee, amidst a horrible outcry raised by both parties, he decided "fair," declaring that there was nothing intentional on the part of Caunt.

91. A scrambling round; a close, in which, after having delivered his left, Bendy contrived to get down, amidst fresh cries of "foul," "fair."

92. Exchanges of hits with the left, when Bendy, stooping to avoid the repetition of Caunt's blow, as he was going down struck Caunt considerably below the waistband, and near the bottom of his stomach. Bendy fell on his back at the moment, while Caunt dropped his hands upon the place affected, and fell as if in great pain. An indescribble scene of turmoil ensued; shouts of "foul" and "fair" escaped from "a thousand tongues—a thousand pair of iron lungs," many evidently influenced by their desires and not their convictions. There is no doubt that the blow, according to the rules of the ring, was foul; but that it was intentional we cannot say, as it was struck when Bendy was in the act of falling. At last the umpires, disagreeing, made the customary appeal to the referee, who, almost deafened by the roaring of the multitude, finally said he had not seen the blow, and consequently could not pronounce it foul. The seconds immediately returned to their principals, and the latter, time being called, commenced the 93d and last round. The men were quickly at the scratch, and Caunt commenced operating left and right, catching Bendy slightly on the forehead. Bendigo was forced back upon the ropes almost in a recumbent position, but got up, and was again knocked down, and Caunt turned from him, considering the round had concluded. Bendy, however, awake to every chance of administering punishment, jumped up, as he had done before, and rushing after Caunt, who was half turned from him, was about to let fly, when Caunt dropped on his nether end, evidently disinclined to renew or continue that round; and now a final, and, as it turned out, a decisive appeal was made to the referee (not by the umpires, but by Jem Ward, Hannan, and others,) who, with very little hesitation, pronounced the fatal word "foul," declaring that he considered Caunt had deliberately violated the rules of the ring by going down without a blow, and had therefore lost the fight. This verdict was hailed with the loudest vociferations by the roughs, and Bendy, without further delay, was borne off from the scene of his unexpected triumph by his partisans, and carried to his carriage amidst reiterated acclamations. So sudden was this issue to the affair, that thousands were for some time unable to discover who was the real victor, many imagining that the foul blow in the previous round had led to the decision being against Bendigo. It was only by those immediately contiguous to the ring that the true state of the case was known; and the mortification and disappointment of the friends of Caunt, who stood up immediately afterwards to renew the fight, were beyond description; Caunt himself, as well as Spring and his seconds, were incredulous as to the result, but personal application to the referee, who had escaped from the rabble, left no doubt on the subject. He declared he had seen Caunt go down without a blow, and that upon his conviction of the unfairness of such conduct, he had pronounced against him. Spring remarked that there had been clearly an exchange of blows, that to all appearance the round had been finished; and that when Caunt went down he did so from a determination not to be taken by surprise, or to renew the struggle till "time" was again called. The referee said, in answer, he was not aware of this fact, nor had such a representation been made to him. He judged from what he saw in the overwhelming difficulties in which he was placed, and he had given his decision accordingly. He had been chosen referee by both parties, and he had accepted the office against his own inclination. In discharging his duty he had done so impartially to the best of his abilities, and certainly had no bias in favor of one or the other. What he had said could not now be recalled, and therefore the business was at an end. We must here repeat that the umpires were not consulted, nor did they express any difference of opinion. It was the duty of the referee to have withheld his decision till properly appealed to, not by the interested partisans, but by the appointed officials, who were on the other side of the ring from him, and could hold no immediate communication with him. He ought to have been placed between those persons. He was clearly bullied and hurried into a premature judgment. Had he been allowed to reflect, we are persuaded he would have hesitated in pronouncing a fiat which the state of Bendigo rendered almost indispensable to his success.

The time occupied by "the battle," such as it was, according to our watch, when we could venture to have a peep at it, was two hours and ten minutes. We do not intend to speak to a minute, nor is a minute more or less important on this occasion, few bets having been made on "time," and those certainly not having reference to so long a period as that recorded. We heard that long odds were taken that Caunt won in half an hour, and others that Bendy would not be licked, if at all, in one hour, and these are of course settled by the issue of the fight, as well as the first blood, and first knock-down blow, both of which were properly booked to Bendy. On Bendy reaching his carriage, we are informed he was dreadfully exhausted from the repetition of heavy falls to which he had been exposed, as well as his own continued exertions under a broiling sun; but his punishment being of comparatively a trifling description, he soon recovered on the application of proper restoratives. The only perceptible marks of the visitations of Caunt to his cranium were a cut over his right eye, a few contusions of the cheek, mouth, scalp, and forehead, and a little enlargement of his auricular organs. He was quickly conveyed from the ground to his "quarters," both he and his friends highly elated at the result of their operations. Caunt, on quitting the arena, although displaying convincing marks of the severity with which his opponent could use his mawleys, was strong on his legs, but dreadfully mortified at having been thus suddenly stripped of his laurels, and deprived of the proud distinction which he had so long held. Spring, who had throughout acted as his *fidus Achates*, was not less mentally depressed; he was "dead beat," not only from his incessant exertions to procure "fair play" throughout the fight, and the cowardly assaults to which he was exposed, but from a perfect conviction that the decision against his man was not only premature, but utterly opposed to the rules of the ring. He lost no time in returning with Caunt to the Cock, at Stony Stratford, and the great event of the day having been concluded, the immense multitude followed suit. The scenes exhibited on the roads home were of the most extraordinary description. Every house of entertainment was besieged, and the call for swizzle so continuous that many of the best filled cellars were exhausted, and even water at last became an acceptable luxury to those who never pretended to be patrons of the hydropathic system. We have neither time nor space however to dwell on these vicissitudes, and shall proceed at once to offer such general observations as the events of the day seem to warrant.

REMARKS.

Upon the character of "The Great Fight for the Championship of England," we have no doubt our readers have formed their own opinions. A more disgraceful and disgusting exhibition never stained the annals of British boxing.

With regard to the pretensions of the two men who took so prominent a part in the day's proceedings, few remarks are necessary. Caunt, although a big man, and possessed of great physical strength, does not possess the attributes of an accomplished boxer. He is deficient in science, and wants the art of using the gifts of nature with that tact and precision which are calculated to ensure success. There was a wildness and indecision in his deliveries which prevented his doing execution, and the major part of his blows either flew over Bendigo's head, or were short or wide of their destination. Had he been steady and self-possessed, and hitting at points, this would not have been the case; and did he understand the perfect art of self-defence, four-fifths of the punishment he received might have been avoided, but he left himself open to attack, and thus his opponent was enabled to plant on him with stinging severity. With a man of his own bulk the case might have been different; and perhaps there are few if any of the present day who would prove superior to him in fair fighting. We deny, however, that Bendigo's style of assault is either fair or honorable; it is, on the contrary, treacherous, and differs widely from our notions of "a fair stand-up fight." It may be said that so small a man as Bendigo in opposition to a man of Caunt's superior height and weight was justified in having recourse to stratagem, and that "all is fair in war;" this we deny; and the rules of English boxing are utterly opposed to such practices. The greatest coward that ever breathed might conquor the bravest if he is to be allowed to wait till he has a chance of administering punishment, and then throw himself down to avoid a return; and if so small a man can only compete with a bigger man upon such terms, he ought not to make a match. If he enters the Ring as a boxer he must abide by the rules of boxing, and, violating them, he ought to suffer the penalty of his own conduct. That Bendigo is a brave man, a hard hitter, and possessed of good science, we readily acknowledge, and we know of no man of the same weight and age now in the field who could successfully compete with him. In his contest with Caunt, however, these qualties were dimmed by the adoption of the most objectionable tricks. Over and over again did he creep on his man with the stealthy cunning of a tiger, deliver the most smashing hits, and then drop down and laugh at the success of his tactics.

The termination of this battle created a bad feeling between the parties of the two men, and well nigh put an end to prize fighting in England. It was owing to the disgraceful proceedings attached to this affair, that the Pugilistic Benevolent Association was formed, the members of which superintend the arrangements of battles, and see that fair play is meted out to all alike.

If a man addicted to smoking marries a widow, does it follow that he must lay down his pipe, because she gives up her weeds?

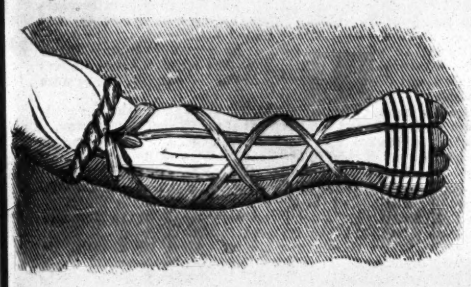
THE CÆSTUS.

As Used by the Gladiators in Combat before the Ancients.

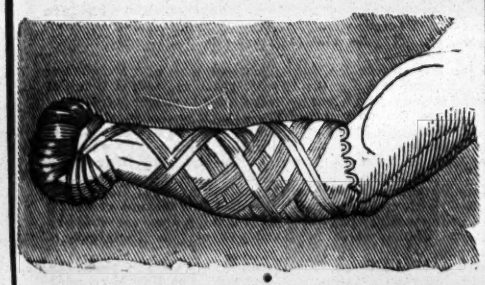
We give illustrations below of the various kinds of Cæstus, or Fighting Gloves, as used in ancient times, and those in use for Boxing in the present day. Several sorts of *cæstus*, or gauntlets, were known to the ancients, and were composed in general of strong interwoven leather straps, which, embracing the fist and part of the *carpus*, or wrist, and winding up round the forearm, were fixed at the elbow. They appear to have often been armed with nobs of brass, blunt points of iron, plummets of lead, &c. The following lines from Dryden's Virgil, beautifully describes the *cæstus* used by *Erix*:

——"He (Entellus) threw
Two pond'rous gauntlets down, in open view;
Gauntlets, which Erix wont in fight to wield,
And sheath his hands within the listed field.
With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death,—with sev'n distinguish'd folds
Of tough bull's hides; the space within is spread
With iron or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refused to fight.
Astonish'd at their weight, the hero stands,
And pois'd the pond'rous engines in his hands."

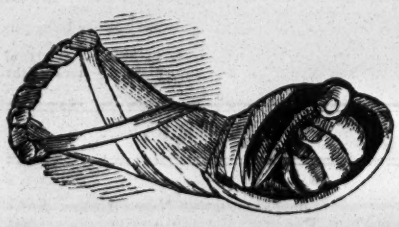
The subjoined cut is a representation of the most tremendous kind of Cæstus. The original, in bronze, was found at Herculaneum. It is of a proportion above the natural size; and appears to have belonged to the statue of some gladiator, armed for the fight. This Cæstus was composed of several thicknesses of raw hides, strongly fastened together, in a circular form, and tied to the hand and part of the fore arm; and yet, to prevent its hurting the *metacarpus*, a glove of thick worsted was used for the occasion, ending in a sort of frange, called Vellus.



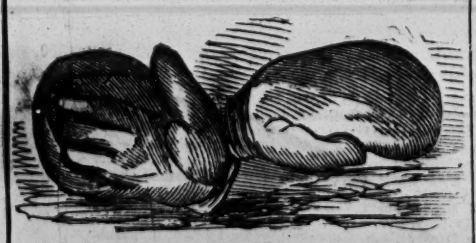
This Cæstus, however terrific in its operations, is not so destructive and injurious as the preceding one, and is copied from plate 20 of "Lenn's *Costume des Peuples de l'Antiquite*." There appears no regular data to determine the fact, whether, in the exercise of the Circus of Rome, the pugilists ever fought with naked hands and arms; but as this nation, it seems, borrowed most of her arts from Greece, it is probable that the boxers never engaged without the *chirothecæ*, or gloves, stuffed with lead: more especially as the ancients were remarkably fond of show in their public exhibitions of vigor and strength.



The above cut represents a Cæstus of nearly the same kind, and capable of administering the most death-like *punishment*. It will be seen in the first volume of "*Bronzi del Museo Kirkeriano*," where Amycus is discovered fighting with this armor, in his conflict with Pollux.



This sort of Cæstus, materially different from the three preceding ones, though equally destructive in its operation, is copied from a bas-relief, found also at Herculaneum. It is also engraved as a tail-piece in the second volume of "St. Non's *Voyage Pittoresque de Naples et de Sicile*," p. 51. For further particulars respecting the use of the Cæstus, see pages 3, 4, 5, and 6, of the second volume of this work.



Thanks to modern invention,* those weapons of cruelty the Cæstus represented in the four preceding cuts, are not known in these times; and the above *delineation* points out all the apparatus made use of in Sparring Exhibitions at the present day, without any thing like terror, or accompanying marks of dissolution. The *gloves*, stuffed with wool, whereby instruction is received by the *novice*, without any hurt or injury, and from the frequent use of which the more experienced boxer obtains practice and improvement. It is true, the nose may be clareted in a determined set-to, and the mouth tinged with vermillion in what is termed "a glove fight;" but in taking lessons of the art of Self-Defence, the science is communicated by all the teachers of pugilism, in a manner so light, playful, and interesting, that the pupil has nothing unpleasant to dread from its effects.

* Mr. Broughton first introduced the *gloves*.

BOAT RACING.

Training a Boat's Crew.

1. Selection of the Men.—In directing the choice of a boat's crew, it will here be understood that the men to be selected from, are all in good health; but in the chapter on training for pedestrian purposes, which will be given hereafter, further advice is given for preparing a man out of health to undertake training of all kinds. At first sight, it may appear that in rowing all below the waist is idle, but this is by no means true, for the legs and thighs take their full share in the muscular exertion going on. Many mistakes have been made in picking men, from this error in judgment; for it has been found, when perhaps too late, that good knees and thighs are required as well as good arms and shoulders. This is easily explained by a reference to the work which is to be done, and by examining the framework which has to do it. Now, then, what is that work? It consists in pulling an oar or scull through the water, by the muscles of the arms and back. But what enables the power called into play by the arms and back to act upon the boat? Why, the resisting and pushing power of the legs and thighs, without which the body would glide off the thwart, and fall helplessly into the boat. Hence, it is manifest, that just as much as the arms generate the power by pulling against the water, by so much exactly will the legs convey that power to the boat by pushing against the stretcher. In selecting men for this beautiful and healthy exercise, it should therefore be borne in mind that the following points are essential, though, of course, this, like all similar rules, admits of exception: First and foremost, I should look to the moving powers—the arms, shoulders and back. These should be muscular, with good bony wrists, straight elbows, powerful and pliable shoulders, and, above all, a good, strong, muscular loin. Without this last point the strength of arm is of no use; the body, instead of drawing the oar to it by the muscles of the arm, is itself drawn forward over the oar, and the stroke is rendered ineffective. Nothing is more difficult than to foretel, by examination, the exact degree of strength which any individual form is capable of displaying; but, with regard to the back and loin, it is almost impossible to form any useful opinion without actual trial; for so much depends upon early habits of various kinds, that no conclusion from the formation can possibly be arrived at. It is seldom that any one can say, with anything like certainty, that a particular individual shall make a 'good oar;' but the contrary may often be affirmed, and it may generally be prognosticated, that an awkward, slow, and very high-shouldered man will prove useless in a boat. Next to these points, I should see that the legs and thighs (without being too heavy) should be sufficiently well developed to do their work. If too muscular, it is only so much extra weight to carry, and they should rather be below than above the proportionate size, as compared with the arms. This form has been apparent in most of our best watermen, who have generally been remarkable for good upper works, as compared with their lower extremities. After the moving powers, it is needful to consider the state of the lungs and the heat. The wind should be naturally good, free from wheezing or cough; and the heart should be healthy, and free from palpitation or excitement. This can only be ascertained by a trial; and, indeed, that is the best mode of arriving at an opinion on all the different essentials for this, as well as all other bodily exercises. With regard to size and weight, much must depend upon what is to be done. I am now alluding to the choice of a boat's crew; as for single contests such selection is generally made by the sculler himself, and after many and repeated trials. It is seldom, now-a-days, that a man more than 13st. in weight is found to "pull his weight;" and 12st. 7lb. is generally the top weight in an eight-oar. This is the result of experience, as no theory on the subject is worth a straw; but it has certainly been ascertained that all development of frame above that weight is accompanied with an increase of weight out of all proportion to the muscular power. With the old tub-like boats, which were formerly in vogue, it was necessary to have more weight and size at the end of an oar than are now found to be useful. The breadth of floor also was such that the increased weight did not bury the boat so much as it now does, and, consequently, the attendant disadvantages were not so great as at present. With regard to the lowest weight which is desirable in a boat, I am inclined to think 9st. 7lb. is the point which should not be passed without strong reason for it. The difference between the bow and the middle oars is now much less than it used to be, and the weight ought, consequently, to be much nearer. My own belief is, that a difference of two stone is quite as much as ought to be allowed; and that if more than that is given, the oars will not be pulled through the water in the same time, and with the same power, without which no boat is done justice to.

2. Appointment of the Day's Work.—After selecting the men who are to form the crew to be trained, it is desirable, if by any means it can be accomplished, to keep them together day and night; at all events, they should take their runs and meals together, and should never, especially at night, be free from *surveillance*. In most cases it is better to take lodgings near the river; but when the banks are low such a situation is not desirable, and the nearest high and dry spot should be preferred. It is commonly supposed that, in training, early hours are requisite, and with those who have been all their lives accustomed to them, no doubt they are: but when the habit has been different, I think it much better to allow a moderate indulgence in the morning's bed, rather than attempt to break through long-established custom, to which the constitution has been inured. If the training is in the height of summer, it is desirable to get through most of the work in the cool of the morning and evening; but if the weather is not very oppressive, the plan, in my opinion, is not a good one. As a rule, therefore, I should advise the following, subject to variations, according to the time of the year and the state of the weather. All should turn out of bed at 8 o'clock; they should be well sponged all over with cold water, or they may take a mere plunge into the river and out again. On no account should they remain in the water even for five minutes. They should then be well rubbed with a coarse towel, and be dressed by 8.30. From this time till breakfast, at 9 o'clock, let all take a gentle run, or smart walk, and come into the meal without fatigue, but prepared to enjoy it. The best kind of food for the various meals is given under the head of Pedestrianism, to which the reader is referred for full particulars on this subject. After breakfast, a couple of hours may be passed in any innocent, but not violent bodily amusement, such as billiard playing, bowling, quoits, &c., which will bring us up to 11.30 A.M., at which time the crew should be got together in the boat, and should get their morning's practice, which will on the average take them till 1.30. On getting out of the boat, all should take a good run, varying in speed and distance according to the directions of the trainer. At 2 o'clock, or 2.30 at latest, after being rubbed dry and the linen changed, dinner may be announced, and this meal may occupy the time till 3 or 3.30 P.M., according to circumstances. After dinner, a gentle stroll or a book may be indulged in till 5 or 6 o'clock, when another hour may be consumed in practising on the water. On coming in from this evening row, supper may be got ready at 8 o'clock, and at 9 or 10 o'clock to bed.

3. Running Exercise.—The speed and length of run which are to be daily maintained in order to obtain that condition of the lungs and heart which shall enable the oarsman to go through his task, must in great measure depend upon the state of the individual. In these directions I am assuming that the health is good, that a fair amount of exercise has been habitually taken, and that the body is prepared to go through its task without risk. I have already directed that all should take a walk or run for half an hour before breakfast; in most instances a smart run of three miles will be about the best distance; and two or three running together will add to the excitement, and take off from the weariness of the task. I think a short spin across the country, with moderate fences or ditches, or small towing-path gates, better than a dull steady run; and the pace should vary from five miles per hour to an occasional spirt at the top speed. It is never, however, to be maintained at such a pace as to produce perspiration to any extent; and if the weather is very warm, the hours should be early in proportion. The dress should be the usual boating flannel trowsers, with a light woollen jacket, and should never be so heavy as to weigh down the animal spirits. Nothing is of more importance than this, for much depends in training upon keeping up that buoyancy of feeling which man in a state of high health ought always to experience. This quantity of running exercise will in most cases be enough; but sometimes when the wind is thick, with a very strong constitution, a longer and slower walk or run should be taken in addition, beginning an hour after breakfast, and keeping it up till the time for practice at 11.30, but taking great care to be cooled down before getting into the boat.

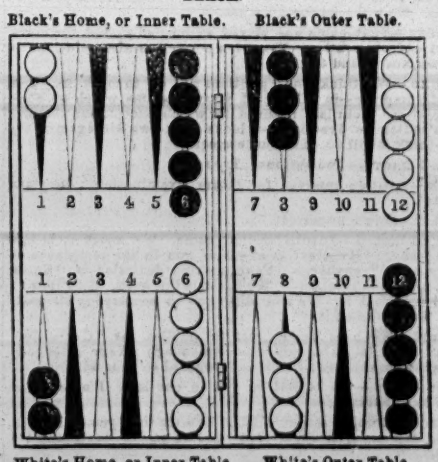
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE GAME OF BACKGAMMON.

This is a mixed game, being a combination of chance and calculation. The word is Welsh, and signifies "Little Battle." Backgammon is played by two persons, with two boxes and two dice, upon a quadrangular table or board, on which are figured 24 points or *fleeches*, of two colors, placed alternately. The board is divided into four compartments, two inner and two outer ones, each containing six of the 24 points (alternate colors). The players are each furnished with fifteen men or counters, black and white (usually draughts). These are arranged upon the board, in the following manner. To play into the left hand table, two of your men are placed upon the ace point of your opponent's inner table, five upon the sixth point in his outer table (numbered 12 in our diagram), three upon the cinque-point in your own outer table (numbered 8), and five upon the sixth point, in your own inner table. The adversary's men are to be placed in corresponding order, in a position directly opposite. All this is shown in the diagram annexed, and to facilitate reference the points or fleeches are numbered from 1 to 12 of each color.

BLACK.

Black's Home, or Inner Table. Black's Outer Table.



White's Home, or Inner Table. White's Outer Table.

WHITE.

The game consist in moving your men from point to point, so as to bring them round into your own inner table (*i. e.*, that on your left hand), and then moving or bearing them off the board. The player who first clears off his men wins.

The moves of the men are determined by the throws of the dice, according to the following directions for playing at setting out the thirty-six chances of dice, for a gammon, or for a single hit.

I. Two aces (the best of all first throws), to be played two on your cinque point, and two on the bar point for a gammon, or for a hit.

II. Two sixes (the second best throw), should be played two on your adversary's bar point, and two on your own bar point, for a gammon, or a hit.

III. Two trois, two to be played on your cinque point; and the other two on your trois point in your own tables, for a gammon only.

IV. Two deuces, to be played on the quatre point in your own tables, and two to be brought over from the five men placed in your adversary's outer tables, for a gammon only.

V. Two fours, to be brought over from the five men placed in your adversary's outer tables, and to be put upon the cinque point in your own tables, for a gammon only.

VI. Two fives, to be brought over from the five men placed in your adversary's outer tables, and to be put on the trois point in your own tables for a gammon, or a hit;

VII. Size ace, you are to make your bar point, for a gammon, or for a hit.

VIII. Size deuce, a man to be brought from the five men placed in your adversary's outer tables, and to be placed on the cinque point in your own tables, for a gammon, or a hit.

IX. Six and three, a man to be brought from your adversary's ace point, as far as he will go, for a gammon, or a hit.

X. Six and four, a man to be brought from your adversary's ace point, as far as he will go, for a gammon, or a hit.

XI. Six and five, a man to be carried from your adversary's ace point, as far as he can go, for a gammon, or a hit;

XII. Cinque and quatre, a man to be carried from your adversary's ace point, as far as he can go, for a gammon, or a hit.

XIII. Cinque-trois, to make the trois point in your table, for a gammon, or a hit.

XIV. Cinque-deuce, to play two men from the five placed in your adversary's outer tables, for a gammon, or a hit.

XV. Cinque-ace, to bring one man from the five placed in your adversary's outer tables for the cinque, and to play one man down on the cinque point in your own tables for the ace, for a gammon only.

XVI. Quatre-trois, two men to be brought from the five placed in your adversary's outer tables, for a gammon, or a hit.

XVII. Quatre-deuce to make the quatre point in your own tables, for a gammon, or a hit.

XVIII. Quatre-ace, to play a man from the five placed in your adversary's outer tables for the quatre, and for the ace, to play a man down upon the cinque point in your own tables, for a gammon only.

XIX. Trois-deuce, two men to be brought from the five placed in your adversary's tables, for a gammon only.

XX. Trois-ace, to make the cinque point in your own tables, for a gammon, or a hit.

XXI. Deuce-ace, to play one man from the five placed in your adversary's tables for the deuce; and for the ace, to play a man down upon the cinque point in your own tables, for a gammon only.

THE LAWS OF BACKGAMMON.

I. If you take a man from any point, that man must be played; the same must be done if two men are taken from it.

II. You are not understood to have played any man, till you have placed him upon a point, and quitted him.

III. If you play with fourteen men only, there is no penalty attending it, because by playing with a lesser number than you are entitled to, you play to a disadvantage, by not having the additional man to make up your tables.

IV. If you bear any number of men, before you have entered a man taken up, and which consequently you were obliged to enter, such men, so borne, must be entered again in your adversary's tables, as well as the man taken up.

V. If you have mistaken your throw, and played, and if your adversary has thrown, it is not in your or his choice to alter it, unless both parties agree.

FEMALE SKATERS.

In Friezland the women are as fond of skating as the men, and frequently have races. At one of these races, which took place some time since, on a piece of ice in the outer ditch of the town of Leuwarden, there were thirteen competitors for the prize. They skated two and two, and after each heat, she who arrived last at the goal quitted the course. The seventh and last trial was between the two remaining winners, one of whom was twenty years of age and the other sixteen. The former gained the principal prize, consisting of a gold ornament for the head, and the other the second, which was a coral necklace, with a gold clasp. One of the competitors on this occasion was past fifty, and many of them only fifteen. To afford some idea of their swiftness, it is stated that one young female passed over the course, which was one hundred and fifty yards long, in thirteen seconds, or a mile in less than two minutes and a half.

INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, and stamps the ground by the side of it with his feet: somewhat in the manner we have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from the hole, who, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavors to make its escape, when he is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of this ingenious bird. The lapwing also frequents the haunts of moles. These animals, when in pursuit of worms on which they feed, frighten them, and the worms, in attempting to escape, come to the surface of the ground, where they are seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey has been related of the gull.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

MATHEMATICAL DEFINITIONS
OF THE MOVES AND POWERS OF THE CHESS-MEN.

THE moves and attacking powers of the several Pieces are determined by line, direction and limit.

The lines of movement and attack on the Chess-Board are threefold, viz:

1. The sides of squares.
2. The diagonals of squares.
3. The diagonals of parallelograms of six squares, *i. e.*, 3 by 2.

The directions of movement and attack are four-fold—forward, backward, lateral, and diagonal.

The limits of movement and attack are three-fold:

1. When confined to adjacent squares.
2. Extending over the whole board.
3. Confined to the opposite squares of parallelograms, 3 by 2.

The lines of movement and attack are coincident for all the Pieces except the Pawns, whose line of motion is one square forward along the side, and their line of attack one square forward diagonally.

The Knight's line of motion and attack is one square in every direction, forward, backward, lateral and diagonal.

The Queen's line of motion, and attack are all along both the sides and the diagonals of squares in every direction, to the extremity of the board: thus combining those of the Rook and Bishop.

The Rook's line of motion and attack is along the sides of squares in every direction, to the extremity of the board.

The Bishop's line of motion and attack is along the diagonal of squares in every direction, to the extremity of the board.

The Knight's line of motion and attack is along the diagonals of parallelograms, 3 by 2, in every direction, to the opposite square.

GAME BLINDFOLD.

WE publish this week a game, furnished us through the kindness of T. Loyd, Esq., one the strongest players of the New York Chess Club, which he played without seeing the board or men, against one of his brothers, who, by the way, are all on the road to the highest Chess ranks. The younger brothers already rank with our best in the concotion of difficult problems. The game itself is not the best specimen of Mr. T. Loyd's skill, yet it should be remembered that a "partie," played blindfold, is a task of no ordinary magnitude, calling forth nice calculations and mental ingenuity. Philidor, De La Bourdonnais, Von Bilguer, Kieseritzy, and Harwitz, have been most successful in that line.

We purpose to publish in our next a beautiful specimen of the "*Pion coiffé*" or "marked Pawn," played by H. Staunton, Esq., against another strong player. The game is the only one that we ever have seen in print, and will prove interesting to our readers, as a Chess curiosity. Lest our Chess readers should be led into error as to that species of game, we would inform them that a ring or a bit of paper is placed upon a particular Pawn, which Pawn must alone give mate without going to "Queen." In the event of its being captured, the first player loses the game; should he checkmate his antagonist with any other piece, the same penalty would be the consequence.

STAUNTON VERSUS ANDERSSEN.

PROVIDENCE, April 21, 1856.

DEAR SIR—In last week's CLIPPER, I noticed a communication from "Martin," in respect to the claims of Staunton and Andersen for the Championship of Europe. Does Staunton (or has he ever since the Tournament and his subsequent *accepted* challenge) claim that title? When at Brussels, in 1854, (where he was worsted by Der Lasa,) did he manifest any anxiety that the match should be played, although he was so much nearer Andersen than he had been for the last three years? No, he maintained a most becoming silence on the matter. Can *any* of Staunton's games be produced that will bear comparison with the splendid specimens of Andersen's genius which have so delighted the whole chess-world for the last three years?

At the time of the Tournament, in my belief, he was Anderssen's equal; but I think no one will call him so *now*. Probably, Mr. Staunton's intense and ridiculous vanity as regards his powers of chess-play, has done almost as much toward lowering the public opinion of him as any thing else. No one can look through the columns of the Illustrated News without a smile at the childlike, and often ungentlemanly egotism there displayed. Every one is advised to purchase "Staunton's Handbook, published by Bohn, price 5s.," the regular stereotyped answer to all inquirers for chess books. Every player not belonging to the "Staunton clique," has the pleasant terms of "charlatan," "impostor," "fellow," &c., applied to him, and the notes to his games seem appended only for the purpose of showing how great a player he is, and how none of his antagonists ever make good moves; but it is he that makes bad ones, and for which he reproaches himself with a vehemence that sometimes would almost make one doubt his sanity.

It is this, doubtless—although it has nothing to do with his merits as a player—which has obtained for him so much ridicule; this continual ringing of his own praise, and shouting out

"None but Staunton, Chess is Staunton,
St. Amant-defeating Staunton—
Horwitz-routing, Harrwitz-scouting,
'Palmy' pawn-and-two-move Staunton."

Yours, in haste, WEST POINTER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNIE.—We regret sincerely that you have placed an "injunction" upon the publication of your appropriate letter. At all events, we feel that we have a right to comment briefly upon it previous to "passing our bill." We can inform "Martin" through this answer that "fair Annie" fully sustains him in his opinion. Of one thing we are certain, that Mr. Staunton has done much for Chess, also *en passant* that his notes to all games have elicited the admiration of the Chess-playing fraternity. We hope hereafter to see you relent in giving us "free leave" to publish your racy notes. You will perceive that we have made the different exchanges in the match.

ALONZO.—You are improving in your concoctions We reluctantly, however, decline its insertion as being too weak for our columns. Persevere and you will yet succeed. We strive to publish none but good and ingenious Problems, particularly for our coming new sheet. This is necessary, to enable us to compete with others. We hope that our remarks will be rightly taken.

E. B. Boston.—We consider your Problem too feeble and obvious for our sheet, the Black King being penned and defenceless. Try it again, and send us something of a difficult and tight nature.

FRED.—The best work on Chess for beginners is Staunton's Hand-Book of Games, to be procured at Bangs Brothers, Park Row, N. Y.

COUNTRYMAN.—Our sheet will be hereafter $4 per annum. P. F., supposing that there could not be any difficulty raised as to the conditions of the match, has already forwarded to us $2 on account. Your problem will receive due consideration in our next.

X. Y. Z.—The game alluded to in your last was a hasty skirmish between Messrs. R. and ourselves. We much doubt your appellation of a *novice*, when contesting such a game as you have for many months back. *Apropos*, we desire much to publish the whole of that game, when won by either party, with our own notes appended. Is it accepted? We will reply to your remarks on our two last games, in our next.

DE PREFONTAINE.—Thanks for your friendly letter. We will endeavor to reply, in full, in our next. Whatever information we can give you on the origin of Chess, as well as on the name—"Caissa"—will be published through the medium of our sheet.

We give credit for the following solution of "Annie's" No. 40 to the following correspondents: "E. S. Brewster," "Countryman," and ALONZO."

White.	Black.
1..Q Q 5 x	K B 3 x
2..R Q B 6 x	Kt K 3 interp (best)
3..Q x Kt x	K Kt 2
4..Q K R 6, mate.	

E. S. BREWSTER.—We "give in," this time, and find your last not only "revised" and "improved," but really beautiful and difficult; for which we tender you our heartfelt thanks. It strikes us forcibly that it will prove a teaser. Our next CLIPPER will present it to our readers. Of course, we hope for many such. Why have we not heard of you before?

WEST POINTER.—We perused your letter with much pleasure. It corresponds exactly with our own sentiments. Our thanks for that private note addressed, *particularly*, to us. It is more than probable that we may have an opportunity of accepting your kind invitation. We would alike extend the same invitation to you and your "Chess *confreres*," when visiting our city, to call at the Chess Club, No. 158 Tenth street, where you will always meet the hand of fellowship. We will not have time to examine your game until our next. *Au revoir!*

Game No. 1.---New Series.

QUEEN BISHOP PAWN ONE IN THE KNIGHT'S OPENING.

Played last week between Messrs T. Loyd and J. S Loyd, Jr., both of the New York Chess Club. Mr T. Loyd played without seeing the board or men.

Mr. T. L.	Mr. J. S. L., Jr.	Mr. T. L.	Mr. J. S. L., Jr.
1..P K 4	P K 4	16..Kt Q B 3 *c*	B x R P
2..Kt x B *a*	Q Kt B 3	17..Kt R 2 *f*	Q x Q
3..P Q B 2	B B 4 *a*	18..Q R x Q	B x Kt P
4..P Kt 4	B Kt 3	19..B Q B	Kt x B
5..P Kt 5	Kt R 4	20..R x Kt	Kt x B P *g*
6..Kt x P	Q K 2	21..K x B	Q R K
7..P Q 4	P Q 3	22..R K B	P K R 3
8..B R 3 *b*	P K B 3	23..Kt K Kt 4	P K B 4
9..Kt B 3 *c*	Q x P x	24..Kt x R P x *h*	P x Kt
10..B K 2	Kt K 2	25..B x B P	R K B 3 *i*
11..Castles *d*	Castles	26..R Kt 3 x	K B 2
12..R K sq	Kt Q 4	27..R Kt 7 x	K K 3
13..B Q 3	Q Kt 5	28..R K sq x	Kt interp
14..P K R 3	Q R 4	29..P Q 4 mate *j*	
15..P Q B 4	Kt K B 5		

a P. to K. B. 4 is the strongest move here.
b Placing an "injunction" upon the capture of Knight.
c Far better than to Queen's 3d, which would block the diagonal of the K. B.
d Getting into safe quarters preparatory to framing his attack.
e All these moves are accurate as clock-work.
f The *heavy penalty* of a checkmate would have followed if P. captured Bishop.
g We do not see the propriety of losing the Bishop for the capture of another Pawn which was then defenceless.
h Very well played.
i Better to have given up the "exchange" at once.
j Considering the difficulties to encounter in a blindfold game, the mate here forced, is really pretty, and highly creditable to Mr. T. L.'s skill.

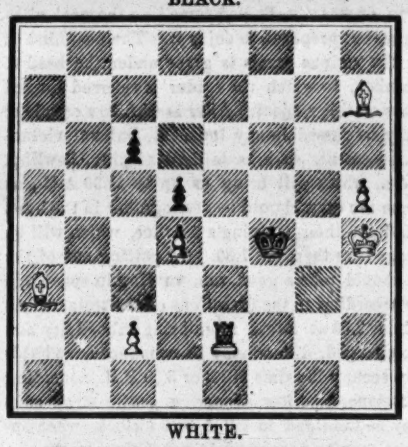
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 40.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Q K 5 x	K K B 3 (best)	4..R K B 4 disc. double check and mate.	
2..P x P x	R x P		
3..Q K B 7 x	K x Q		

Problem No. 1.---New Series.

CHALLENGE TO "ANNIE," BY ASTAROTH.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

Match Games,

BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.

GAME FIRST. (Scotch Gambit.)		GAME SECOND. (Sicilian Opening.)	
WHITE—Philad'.	BLACK—N.Y.	WHITE—N.Y.	BLACK—Phil'a.
8..P Q B 3	P x P	9..Q Kt K 4	K B Q Kt 3
9..Kt x P	Kt K 2	10..B Q Kt 5	Castles
10..K B Q 3	Q K 3	11..B x Kt	

VARIATION OF GAME NO. 7,

Beginning at the Twenty-third move, between Messrs. X. Y. Z., of Bristol, and N. M., of this City.

Black—(N. M.)	White—(X. Y. Z.)
54..R Q 4	R K Kt 2
55..R x Q P	

MATCH GAME.

Between J. Van Osdel of Chicago, and H. S. G. Smith of New York.

White—(Van O.)	Black—(Smith)
21..Kt Q sq	R K B 2
22..Kt K B 2	

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN P. F. AND COUNTRYMAN.

White—Countryman.	Black—P. F.
2..K R Q B 4	P K B 4

MATCH GAME,

BETWEEN "ANNIE" AND THE EDITOR.

White—Annie.	Black—Editor.
7..Q x Kt	Q x Q
8..P x Q	P K B 3

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN E. HATCH AND ALONZO.

White—E. Hatch.	Black—Alonzo.
3..K B Q B 4	K B Q B 4

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO OUR DRAUGHT READERS.

WE give below, in addition to usual matters, a fine game from Anderson's masterly Treatise. We do this because of the many communications which we are constantly receiving, calling for "Anderson on Draughts." We have ordered a number of copies—but they have not yet "turned up." Therefore, we trust that a game now and then will prove a wind-fall to our Draught Players. In conclusion, we beg leave to state that no effort shall be wanting on our part to render the Draught Department one of the most interesting features of the CLIPPER.—[ED. DRAUGHT DEPARTMENT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARTIN.—We cordially reciprocate the kind feelings which you entertain toward us. Games duly received. We have but one opinion both in regard to your games and positions, and that has been so frequently expressed that to mention it again would be superfluous. You will observe that we insert our games under their proper "openings" this week; we intend to "keep doing that same thing." Just now we must decline the honor of playing you a match, not having the time necessary to devote to playing against so "tough a customer." Anon we may accept. All right—the request has not been made. Coming to New York, eh? Come along. We want to give you our pan. You will observe we give the openings in the two games inserted in the first of our new series.

METELLUS.—We shall be obliged to decline your challenge, for reasons similar to those stated above. Be patient "yet a little while," and we will endeavor to be "with you." You will readily conceive that it is necessary to devote quite a portion of time each week to the examination of the matter submitted to our direction. This *must* be done—the other may, anon. You are correct in regard to that position.

COUNTRYMAN.—Thanks for your suggestions as well as kind wishes. We consider them as "good as three for one, and making a king." We have no fears of a scarcity of good positions and games: fact is, we know who to draw on. Solutions correct.

H. CURTIS.—Your moves received, and duly registered. Solution to 45 correct. We consider $5 rather "up" for Anderson—but it's hardly to be had, for "love or money." Thankful for your patronage. We will send the CLIPPER.

MARCUS.—That game was played so hurriedly, that the move escaped our observation. Your view correct, as also solutions to Positions Nos. 44 and 45.

ALONZO.—We think your positions will do to mark in. You evidently improve—in all except your diagrams, which we consider perfect. Your last received, for which accept our thanks. Your Position No. 6 received—it looks good—we will examine it, anon—think it will do. Solution correct.

H. A. ELLIOTT.—Too obvious. Try again.

DANE.—Position reserved for future examination. Diagram beautiful.

W. B. C.—Solutions correct.

J. D., of Boston.—Thanks for that game. We insert it in this week's issue. "Metellus" is ahead of you in the acceptance of "Harry Boles'" challenge. Your position dedicated to "Know Nothing," is a "tip-topper." We insert it this week. Solutions to Nos. 44 and 45, O. K. We wish diagrams to accompany all positions. Don't neglect it.

ADVICE.—We have decided *not* to publish the "Chronicle." Reason: subscription list not extensive enough. Your letter containing stamps received; it will be forwarded to your address.

GREENHORN.—We replied to you in our last. Please not to "hook us." Solution correct.

CARLOS.—Receive our profoundest bow for that game: it shall appear. We say send them along, and we will be "eternally indebted."

HARRY, of Buffalo.—That game shall appear. Accept our best thanks.

TRUXTON.—Positions were received. Solutions correct.

H. BOLES.—Solution correct.

J. M.—Solutions correct

NEWSPAPER.—We will publish that Solution at our earliest convenience—impossible this week—not room.

J. S., Boston.—Position published in our first No. of new Vol.—consider it good. Thanks for that game. Be kind enough in future to send diagrams of your positions. In fact, we make this an especial condition. Will you send your match games, as far as played, both with Metellus and J. M.? If so, we shall be prepared to "propel."

MARCUS.—No. Solutions correct.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 46.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..15 to 19	Jumps.	3.. 2 11	Jumps.
2.. 7 2	"	Drawn.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 47.

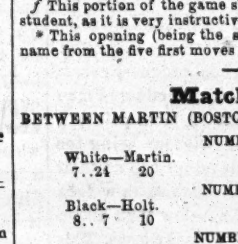
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..31 to 27	24 to 31	5.. 5 to 1	13 to 17
2..19 15	12 19	6.. 1 6	17 22
3..15 24	20 27	7.. 6 10, and wins.	
4..10 14	9 25		

POSITION NO. 1.

NEW SERIES.

By J. P. Sweet.
Challenge to "Truxton."

BLACK.



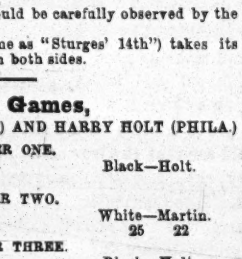
WHITE.
White to play and win.

POSITION NO. 2.

NEW SERIES.

By J. D., of Boston.
Dedicated to "Know Nothing."

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and win.

Game No. 1.---New Series.

LATELY PLAYED BETWEEN J. D. OF BOSTON, AND MR. C. N.

Irregular opening.

Black, (J. D.)	White, (Mr. C. N.)	Black, (J. D.)	White, (Mr. C. N.)
1..11 to 15	24 to 20	16..10 to 17	25 to 21
2.. 8 11	27 24	17.. 2 6	21 14
3.. 9 13	23 18	18.. 6 10	28 24 *f*
4.. 5 9	32 27	19..10 17	24 19
5.. 4 8	27 23	20..17 21	19 15
6..15 19 *a*	24 15	21..21 25	15 8
7..10 19	23 16	22..25 30	8 3
8..12 19	21 17 *b*	23.. 7 10	3 7
9.. 7 10 *c*	17 14	24..10 14	7 10
10..10 17	25 21	25..14 17	10 14
11.. 1 5 *d*	21 14	26..17 21	14 17
12.. 8 12	29 25	27..21 25	17 21
13.. 3 7	26 23	28..25 29	18 15
14..19 26	30 23	29..29 25	22 18
15.. 6 10	31 26 *e*		Drawn.

a A fine break.
b We believe this sound.
c His best reply.
d Compulsory.
e Elegant for actual play.
f 23 to 19 would lose the game for white.

Game No. 1.—From Anderson's Work.

OLD FOURTEENTH.*

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	11.. 3 to 8	30 to 26
2.. 8 11	22 17	12.. 9 13	19 16
3.. 4 8	17 13	13..12 19	23 16
4..15 18	24 20	14..13 17 *f*	22 13
5..11 15	28 24 *a*	15.. 8 12	24 19
6.. 8 11	26 23	16..15 31	26 22 *g*
7.. 9 14	31 26 *b*	17..12 19	22 8
8.. 6 9 *c*	13 6	18..14 17	21 14
9.. 2 9	26 22 *d*	19..10 17	
10.. 1 6 *e*	32 28	Drawn.	

a It is unnecessary to suggest to old players that this is a very natural opening.
b Daring, but perfectly sound.
c This move will change the opinion of young players as regards breaking the royal line.
d A fine gambit in view.
e Strange as it may appear, 9 to 13 would be a "dead beat" for black.
f This portion of the game should be carefully observed by the student, as it is very instructive.
* This opening (being the same as "Sturges' 14th") takes its name from the five first moves on both sides.

Match Games,

BETWEEN MARTIN (BOSTON) AND HARRY HOLT (PHILA.)

NUMBER ONE.

White—Martin.		Black—Holt.
7..24	20	

NUMBER TWO.

Black—Holt.		White—Martin.
8.. 7	10	25 22

NUMBER THREE.

White—Martin.		Black—Holt.
9..18	14	9 18
10..23	14	

NUMBER FOUR.

Black—Holt.		White—Martin.
5..6	9	26 23

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN COUNTRYMAN AND P. F.

Black—P. F.		White—Countryman.
2..15	22	25 18
3.. 8	11	29 25

MATCH GAME.

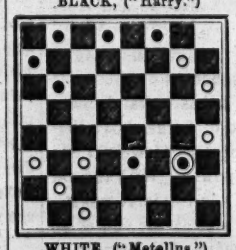
BETWEEN METELLUS AND J. S.

White—Metellus.	Black—J. S.
1..22 to 18	10 to 14

MATCH GAME.

Between "Harry," of Buffalo, and "Metellus," of Boston.

BLACK, ("Harry.")

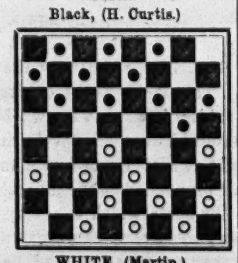


WHITE, ("Metellus.")
White to play.

MATCH GAME.

Between "Martin" and H. Curtis.

Black, (H. Curtis.)



WHITE, (Martin.)
White to move.

AMUSEMENTS.

Theatricals—Circusses—Ethiopian Minstrelsy, &c.

THE weather, the first part of the week, curtailed receipts at the various places of amusement, but thus far managers have no occasion to complain of patronage.

The Wallack has entered upon his fifth week, and is still "in demand." Wallack's cosy little place is generally well filled, and those who visit it enjoy the entertainments offered, inasmuch as they are made to feel perfectly "at home."

Laura Keene's Varieties gains in popularity, for the fair directress is a host in herself. We do not think that tier of private boxes sufficiently remunerative, in a financial point, although it may add to the beauty of the establishment. Jordan "was off" for a few evenings last week, Mr. Dickinson attempting his parts; but the "lady-killer" is again at his post. On Saturday evening last, on the occasion of Mr. H. Hall's benefit, a daughter of the *bénéficiaire* made her first appearance on the stage, and, considering all things, was well received. Mr. Lionel Goldsmid—no relation to Jenny Lind's Goldsmid—made his *debut* in "The Unfinished Gentleman."

Mrs. Williams (with her husband) is drawing excellent houses at the Broadway. This lady never fails to amuse and delight by her peculiar style of acting.

At Burton's—where people go to laugh, whether tragedy or comedy is the play—things go on about as usual.

Cony and the Dogs commenced an engagement at the National on Monday evening.

The Bowery is picking up slowly. Glenn, a favorite with the "Bowery boys," and Mr. J. C. Dunn have just been added to the company. Until the "internal dissensions" at this house are settled, the management of the Bowery Theatre is up-hill work.

The Ravels are doing middling well at Niblo's. Mr. Niblo is said to be on his way home.

The Lagrange Opera Company are at the Academy of Music. We dropped in a few nights since, and were much pleased with the manner in which all concerned took their respective *rolls*, as our great critics have it. Mad. Lagrange's *roll* went down with *gusto*, whatever that is; and, with a cup of Gunter's excellent coffee, the thing would have been complete. What say the great critics about suggesting "coffee and rolls" together?

The Marsh Children, at the Broadway Varieties, are doing wonders. Night after night is their little bandbox of a place crowded. The performances of this company are really "something new under the sun."

Mr. Forrest is playing a round of his celebrated characters at the Walnut, Philadelphia. He will probably next appear at the Broadway, in this city.

The elephants are being seen nightly, at Welsh's, Philadelphia; and, although not as great as they have been represented to be, their performances are certainly marvellous. One evening last week, while performing a feat on a platform elevated some fifteen feet from the ground one of these animals lost its footing, and came down "kerwollop." Strange to say, no injury was sustained, and after a short intermission the same elephant successfully performed the feat.

Mr. R. Johnston is now playing at the Victoria Theatre, London. The bills announce him as "the great American tragedian, from the royal Bowery Theatre, New York."

Mr. Eddy, Mr. Davidge, Mr Joseph C. Foster, and Miss Jessie McLean were in town last week.

Mr. Keller and his troupe of artistes, whose "pictures," so-called, created some stir at the Broadway Theatre, a short time since, commences a series of exhibitions at a room in Broadway, next Monday evening.

Tom Thumb is showing his "littleness" at Academy Hall.

"Old Joe Cowell," as he is termed, is up for a benefit at the Broadway, previous to his departure for England.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been revived at Barnum's Museum, with Mr. and Mrs. Howard and little Cordelia in the principal parts.

Miss Sallie St. Clair, after receiving a complimensary benefit at Mobile, went to New Orleans to play for the benefit of Mr. James Brown, at the Gaiety. She was some years since a dancer at Mitchell's Olympic. A Mobile paper says of her: "United with a high degree of personal beauty, she has tact, judgment, grace, and, best of all, a very fine appreciation of the meaning of the dramatist. Especially is this the case in the serious walks of the drama, tragedy and melodrama, and we may add legitimate comedy."

Madame Biscaccianti, of Boston—the only unadulterated American prima donna there is—has made a great sensation at the Italian Opera in Paris. Her *debut* was brilliant.

Mr. McVicker has done a splendid business at Chicago, with Gayler's truly American comedy of "Taking the Chances." He is now in St. Louis.

The N. O. Picayune says that green room rumor hath it, that on her intended professional visits to California and England, Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne is to be accompanied by Mr. Charles Pope, to play opposite parts with her.

Mr. Walter Gay, known in literary and theatrical circles, in this city, is performing at the Boston Museum.

Mr. C. R. Thorne has opened a hall for theatrical entertainments, in Milwaukie. Mrs. and Miss Thorne, Leffingwell, Mestayer and Howard (from Laura Keene's), Mr. St. Mar (from New Orleans), and Cronta (from the Bowery) are in the company. Miss E. Thorne plays the "Little Treasure," Gertrude, in "Loan of a Lover," and such characters Her beauty is eulogized.

The Secretary of the Dramatic Fund Association announces the receipt of the following donations, which did not come to hand early enough to be reported: From J. Rice, Esq., Manager of the Chicago Theatre, $100; from Isaac V. Fowler, Esq., $50; from John A. Haggerty, Esq., $30, making the amount donated at the dinner about $800.

Mr. E. L. Davenport is at the People's Theatre, Cincinnati. He will shortly play, with Miss Fanny Vining, at the Boston National.

On the night of Mrs. Barrow's benefit, at the Boston Theatre, a bouquet was thrown to her to which was attached a solid gold bracelet and engraved with a small padlock "Minnehaha."

Miss Matilda Heron was robbed of four diamond rings at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, lately. She was supping with some friends, and jestingly pulled off four that were on her fingers, and put them under the edge of her plate. Shortly after she retired forgetting all about them, and when she missed them some fifteen minutes afterwards and returned to the room, the two waiters were there, and the lights were put out as she entered. They were not found.

Miss Mary Agnes Cameron and Mr. Fairclough announce a reading from Shakspeare and the Poets, at Hope Chapel, on Tuesday.

Miss Louise Howard, who plays at Wallack's, is at present under the kind care of Buckland, at whose theatre at Boston she performed. She is said to be engaged to an officer of the 16th Regiment, Capt. Pratt, nephew of Baron Pratt, quartered in Canada. They sail for England on the 6th of next month.

Mrs. C. N. Sinclair had a complimentary benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, on the 15th March.

A complimentary benefit was getting up for Mr. Trench, the builder and manager of the Metropolitan Theatre.

The Misses Gougenheim were at the Union, San Francisco.

Mr. W. Ward is, it is said, negotiating for the Baltimore Museum.

Mr. Otto Dressell has received the $200 first prize offered by the proprietors of the Musical Review, for the best song.

There is an on dit in Boston that the manager of *the* theatre is about to lead to the hymeneal altar, a young member of his company. The lady's initials are said to be E. T.

Mr. Joseph Proctor, tragedian, offers to dramatic authors, the following prizes: $1,000 for a new tragedy, in five acts, and $500 for a new drama, in three or four acts, of original and effective construction, that shall be approved of by three appointed judges—one from New York, one from Philadelphia, and one from Boston.

The Brothers Mollenhauer, whose performances on the violin were so much applauded at Julien's Concerts, are playing in Shilling Concerts in Philadelphia.

Md'lle Tourniare and a fine equestrian company were exhibiting in San Francisco.

The roof of Burton's Theatre was torn off during the storm of Monday last.

During the blow on the 21st., Myers' Circus tent, which had been pitched on a lot on Court street, Brooklyn, for evening performance, was *pitched by the wind* in quite a different locality, thereby stopping the show.

At the Boston Theatre, the magnificent play of "Midsummer Night's Dream" is being played with great success; it is full of beautiful scenery, and is put upon the stage in superb style.

Mrs. Farren, the American actress, is playing a successful engagement at Kimball's Museum, although she would please a great many if she would appear in something besides these worn-out pieces, such as "Fazio," "Love," "The Stranger," "Ingomar," and "Lucretia Borgia."

Harry Seymour has been playing at the National, Boston, the past week, with very little success, probably on account of having such a poor stock company to support him. He was succeeded by Mr. Neafie, who appeared on Monday evening in the tragedy of "Virginius."

Ordway's Minstrels, on Washington-street, seem to please the public better than anything else in town. The Hall is crowded every night, and the Morris brothers keep the audience in a continued roar of laughter when they are upon the stage.

M'lle Parodi, Madame Strakosch, Signor Leonardi, and Maurice Strakosch announce two concerts in Philadelphia this week.

Sanford's Ethiopian Opera Troupe are giving a burlesque on the trained elephants, in Philadelphia.

The Lady of the Lake has been produced at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, with W. Wheatley as King James, and F. B. Conway as Roderick Dhu.

A benefit in aid of the Widow and Orphan Fund of the New York Fire Department, takes place at Niblo's, on the 26th.

At Wood & Christy's, "Nicaragua State Secrets" is being performed.

The National Theatre, Philadelphia, is to open on the 1st of May, with Mr. and Mrs. Dion Bourcicault as the stars of the evening.

THE TURF,

Pryor and Lecompte.

BY a telegraphic despatch, dated New Orleans, April 18, we learn that Pryor won a three mile race against Lecompte, on the Metarie Course.

Louisiana.

METARIE COURSE, April 9.—Purse $300, two mile heats.

A. L. Bingaman's (J. B. Poindexter's) b. f. Mary Bernard, by imp. Glencoe, out of Marietta—3 years old	1	1
Boss and Moore's b. f. Fuss Farris, by Wagner, out of Argentile—4 years old	2	3

TIME.

	First Heat.	Second Heat.
1st Mile	1:56	1:48
2d Mile	1:51	1:52
Total	3:47	3:40

APRIL 10.—For year olds. Sweepstakes of $300. Forfeit $100. Declaration, $50. One mile heats.

Thomas J. Wells' g. f., by imp. Sovereign, out of Reel	1	1
A. L. Bingaman's b. c., by imp. Sovereign, out of Betsey Coody	2	2

Second Race.—D. F. Kenner's b. c., by imp. Glencoe, out of Minstrel 4 1

A. L. Bingaman's (Ig. Syzmanski,) b. f. Victorine, out of Victress	3	2
W. J. Minner's br. f. Variation, by Ambassador, out of imp Britannia	1	3
John Turnbull's b. f. Southern Belle, by imp. Yorkshire, out of Sally Shannon	2	0

Time, 1:47; 1:46½; 1:50½; 1:51.

APRIL 11.—Purse $800. Four mile heats. Entrance per cent added.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's (R. Ten Broeck's) ch. c., by imp. Glencoe, out of Gypsy, own sister to Medoc, by American Eclipse—3 years old		walked over.

APRIL 12.—Purse $700, if three entries; $200 of which to second horse. Three mile heats. Entrance ten per cent added.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's (R. Ten Broeck's) ch. c. Pryor, by imp. Glencoe, out of Gypsy, own sister of Medoc, by American Eclipse—3 years old		walked over.

California.

UNION COURSE, SAN FRANCISCO, March 16.—Trotting—purse $200, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

C. H. Shear enters g. g. Kit Karson	2	2	1	1	4	1
J. Daniel enters b. g. Trade Wind	4	1	4	2	1	2
J. Crooks enters b. g. Powder	1	3	2	3	2	3
G. N. Ferguson enters c. g. Preacher	3	3	4	3	4	3

Time, 2:47¼; 2:45¾; 2:48; 2:46; 2:53; 2:49.

TOLEDO.—A half mile running race to come off at Toledo, Ohio, April 27, at 2 P. M., for $50 a side—$15 forfeit.

Dr. Jones names Young America (Morgan colt), 3 yrs. old. To saddle.

James Miller names a sorrel mare. To saddle.

FOREIGN SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From Bell's Life, March 30, 1856.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

APRIL 1.—Dan Morris and Spooner's Novice—£25 a side, London.
29.—Tyler and Baldock—£25 a side, London.
MAY 6.—Brookes and Hicks—£25 a side, London.
13.—George Crockett and Bob Travers—£50 a ride, London!
19.—Harry Broome and Tom Paddock—£200 a side, London.
JUNE 3.—Sam Simmonds and Brettle—£200 a side, London.
17.—Baker and Hatton—£30 to £25, London.
17.—Hayes and Massey—£100 a side, London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

END OF JONES AND THE SLASHER'S MATCH.—A letter from Aaron Jones, states that he is unable to fight on the day named, owing to the injury to his thumb he received by a fall from a horse, and, as proof of this, he has forwarded the following medical certificate:—"Margate, March 20th, 1856.—I hereby certify that I attended Mr. Aaron Jones for a severe laceration of the thumb, produced by a fall from a horse, and that I am of opinion that his engaging in a pugilistic contest so early as the 4th of June next would be unwise and very detrimental to the injured hand.—DAVID PRICE. M. D, Fellow the Royal College of Surgeons, and Consulting Surgeon to the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary." Jones wishes to know whether the Slasher will accept of any sum to postpone the fight for three months, and if he will, begs him to name his terms. To which the Slasher replies that he will not agree to any postponement of his match with Jones, and, as the latter did not deposit his money last week, he will claim forfeit. The Slasher adds that he will fight the winner between Broome and Paddock, or make a fresh match with Jones for £200 a side. The Slasher will therefore receive forfeit.

HARRY BROOME AND PADDOCK.—The 11th deposit, of £10 a side, between these men, was made good on Tuesday. There is now £120 a side down for this match, which will be for the Champion's Belt, as Jones and the Slasher's match is off. It will, in all probability, as may be seen above, lead to two fights, seeing that the Slasher intends to dispute the title of the winner to the trophy in question.

MONEY GIVEN UP IN THE WALKER AND HAYES MATCH.—No arrangement having been come to between these men, the stakes were, on Monday last, handed over to the respective backers of the men. Walker now states that he is willing to make a fresh match, for £300 a side, to come off three months after his fight with Massey, and, as to a referee, he will consent to the following terms—that each should name a referee, and that we should name another; the three names to be placed in a hat, and the one first drawn by an impartial person to be referee.

ORME AND SAYERS.—In answer to Tom Sayers's challenge, some time back, Harry Orme pledged himself to fight Tom as soon as he had arranged his affairs, and said he would have then and there accepted his challenge, could Sayers have been prepared with £200. Tom begs to say he has now saved up that sum, and trusts that the present state of affairs will enable Orme to keep his word. Sayers will, at any rate, give him the opportunity of doing so, and is prepared to make a match to fight him for £200 a side. To which, Orme responds, by asking if Sayers is not aware that he (Orme) is engaged in a business from which even a slight absence would detract considerably; to sustain, any further, the pretensions of a fighting man. He cannot consent to break up his arrangements. When Tom Sayers, fights, says he, "I shall always be happy to see him, but other avocations and other habits now render fighting with me out of the question; and I trust you will be good enough, by giving insertion to this letter, so to express it once for all that useless challenges may be no more thrown out in this direction. The time will come when I shall be fully prepared, meanwhile as we cannot have war, at least let us have peace."

THREE BATTLES.—Young Riley and Young Skenwright, of Birmingham, met on the 17th, to contend at 7st 2lb, for £10 a side, at Kingswood Wood Commons, two miles and a half further on, where an excellent ring was pitched, and the men entered, attended by four old and well-known Birmingham seconds. Just as they were in the act of setting-to, the police put in an appearance, and warned them off the ground. They, however, retired outside the ring, and they did not again interfere. Both youths were in fine condition. Riley was the favorite, at 6 to 4; and after the first quarter of an hour had elapsed, 5 to 1 was laid on him, and taken. The Shaver got the first blood from the potato trap in the second round, and in the 20th round managed to get the knock-down blow. These were the only points during the fight that could be said to be in his favor, for although he fought well, yet it was apparent to all after a short time that he had no chance with Riley, whose superior science gave him every opportunity of getting well home on his opponent, closing up his left ogle, seriously damaging the right, and materially altering the nasal organ After fighing 30 rounds in 55 minutes, the Shaver's friends seeing it was useless to allow him to go on, gave in for him, although against the game little fellow's wish.

S. Bates of Brierley Hill and John Page of Brittle-lane met on March 3, to fight at catch weight, for £10 a side, at the Brownhills, near Lichfield, and, after a well-contested battle of one hour and three-quarters, in which 63 rounds were got through, Bates was the winner.

Jemmy Williams and Pilot of Bristol, fought on the 24th, near Bath, for £10 a side, at catch weight. It was a long struggle, occupying 3h 32sec, during which 104 rounds were fought. Pilot took the lead for the first two hours, but after that Williams seemed to rally, and succeeded in throwing his opponent many times very heavily, and eventually, in the last round, he gave Pilot a heavy back fall, which rendered him deaf to the call of time.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOOT RACE OF 100 YARDS.—Constable and Wheatley contested in a 100 yards race, for £50, on the 17th, at Hyde Park. Constable, who is a powerfully-built young man, is 23 years of age, stands 5 feet 4 inches, and weighs 10st. 7lb. Wheatley, who is 22 years of age, stands 5 feet 1 inch, and weighs 8st. 2lb. About four o'clock both men made their appearance on the ground, and the process of unrobing having been gone through, they toed the scrath, but nearly an hour was cut to waste in dodging for the start; at length they bolted away simultaneously, but Wheatley, who was quickest on his legs, soon showed in advance, and when little more than half the distance had been covered, led the way a full yard. Constable now made a desperate effort, and gradually lessened the gap between them, and when within about four yards from home just managed to show his body in front, and after one of the best races that has been seen for some time, was declared the winner by a bare foot.

GREAT FEAT AGAINST TIME.—Ironsides, the pedestrian, started at five minutes after four P.M., on Friday, the 14th inst., for the fifth milestone from Penzance on the Helston road and back, which he was to repeat thirteen times in 26 hours; he finished his performance at ten minutes after four P.M., on the 15th, thus accomplishing the distance, 130 miles, in 24 hours and five minutes. Large numbers of people assembled from time to time to witness the performance of this extraordinary feat.

TEN MILE RACE.—The match to run ten miles, for £10 a side, between James Brookson of Garratt and Charles Cooke of Marylebone—the former receiving one minute start—came off on the 28th at Garratt-lane, and, from both men being well-known pedestrians, there were upwards of a thousand persons present, who seemed highly delighted at the sport. Both men had been in active training for the event, and looked in the best posible condition. Brookson, who is about thirty-two years of age, first appeared in public about twelve years ago; he was then considered a runner of no mean pretensions, and polished off several good men, but in about 1852 his running seemed to have left him, and he has hardly been heard of since. Cooke, who has been before the public about two years, is about twenty-one years of age, and, although not a first-rate clipper, he has won many races. At half-past four o'clock the men appeared at the scratch, in racing costume, and at the signal given, away Brookson bounded, and covered upwards of 300 yards in the given time. Cooke then set off at a rattling pace. 7 to 4 was now freely offered on Cooke, who did not gain much upon his opponent until the fourth mile had been gone over, when he began to gain a little, and at the ninth mile was within 120 yards of Brookson, whose long lurching strides made him appear to be running remarkably easy, and having his man safe, he allowed him to get within fifty yards of him at the finish. Brookson was declared the winner, accomplishing the distance in 55 minutes 35 seconds.

PEDESTRIAN FEATS.—On the 24th, at Falcon Lane, Battersea, a young lad named James Guinn, only nineteen years of age, undertook to walk 40 miles in eight hours, for a bet of £15 to £10, but he broke down in the 22d mile, completely exhausted. A walking match of four miles, for a silver watch, also came off; it was won by Charles Westhall, who stood at scratch, giving Newman half a minute, Durham half a minute, Vigors one minute, and Woodstock a minute-and-a-half start. On the 25th, Westhall undertook to walk 20 miles in three hours, but gave in, owing to the heavy state of the ground, after going 7¾ miles in 69 minutes 14 seconds. He started at three o'clock precisely, and walked the distance he went as follows (timed by H. A. Reed): 1st mile, 8min. 40sec.; 2d, 9min. 25sec; 3d, 8min. 47sec.; 4th, 9min. 23sec.; 5th, 8min. 58sec.; 6th, 8min. 58sec.; 7th, 8min. 56min.; and the three-quarters in 6 minutes 7 seconds.

ALL ENGLAND HALF MILE HANDICAP.—This affair came off at Garratt Lane, Wandsworth, on the 24th. For the first heat: G. Watson, 25 yards start; David Welsh, 30; J. Brookson, 40; H. Fisher, 55; W. Lokes, 60; and J. Baldock, 65—started at 35 minutes past three o'clock. Betting: 6 to 4 against Brookson, 2 to 1 agst Watson, and 5 to 1 against any one else. Welsh ran in the winner, but by only half a yard, Brookson second, and Watson third; time, 2 minutes. Second heat: Six started, viz., J. Pudney, 20 yards start; R. Eden, 27; C. Cooke, 30; R. Lewis, 55; J. Wray, 60; F. Diamond, 65; betting even; Pudney against the field; 3 to 1 against any one else. They all kept pretty well in their respective places till coming up the back stretch, when Pudney made a tremendous rush, and ran in a winner by a couple of yards, Eden second, Diamond third, and Cooke fourth. It was a capital race—Time, 1 minute 59 seconds. Third heat: For this H. Margets, 27 yards start; J. Stainor, 30; G. Gibbons, 40; and W. Preston, 60—started. After a good race, this terminated in a dead heat between Margetts and Stainor. Many considered that Stainor won by half a foot, but as there were neither umpires nor a referee, it could not be settled otherwise than by allowing them both to run in the decisive heat. Final heat: The winners of the previous heats now toed the scratch. Betting: 2 to 1 against the field. He had the race all his own way. They reached the winning crease as follows: Pudney first by four yards, Margetts second, Welsh third, Stainor fourth—time 2 minutes.

WALKING MATCH.—J. Jones, of London, and J. Ashton, decided their four-mile walking match on the 25th, for £20 a side. On going away, the favorite, Jones, led by a couple of yards, but when a mile had been traversed, Ashton had assumed the premiership, and was a yard and a half in front. This position he kept until the final half-mile lap, when Jones again took the lead, which he maintained, eventually winning by 20 yards. The time occupied by Jones in the respective half-mile laps was as follows: 1st, 4min. 15sec.; 2d, 4min. 16sec.; 3d, 4min. 35sec.; 4th, 4min. 33sec.; 5th, 4min. 38sec.; 6th, 4min. 26sec; 7th, 4min. 24sec; and 8th, 24min. 3sec.

AQUATICS.

SCULLERS MATCH BETWEEN H. CLASPER AND M. TAYLOR.—This match, which has engrossed the attention of the admirers of aquatic sports for the last two months, was brought to a conclusion on Monday last, and, if we may judge from the immense number of spectators who assembled on the banks of the Tyne, we would say that no similar event has created greater excitement since the four-oared match between Parish's crew and the Claspers, fifteen years ago. The race was originally made for $50 a side, but there seemed to be a lack of the "circulating medium" on the part of the Taylors, and it was ultimately agreed to row for £30 a side. Clasper's career extends over a long period of years, and he has rowed many a gallant race; and is now 45 years of age. Taylor is 29 years of age, and has somewhat suddenly sprung into repute as a sculler. His triumph over the Elswick crew and the London watermen at the Great National Regatta last year in the Manchester crew, and his subsequent victory over Pattinson, raised him in the estimation of his friends, and his prowess in aquatic circles has of late been the topic of conversation, and many thought it wholly impracticable for any man on the Tyne to vie with him with any chance of success; hence the present match. For some time previous to the race the betting was slightly in favor of Clasper; but on the day it veered round to 5 and 6 to 4 on Taylor. Shortly after five o'clock, Taylor was seen to enter his boat at the Skinner's-burn, and was quickly followed by his opponent from the Mansion House Quay. Eleven steamers, crammed full of people, put off from the various quays and took up their positions at the south side of the river. Both men had undergone a rigid course of training, and at the starting point Taylor presented every attribute that even his most sanguine supporters could wish for; while, at the same time, it must be admitted that Henry was in equally good condition. After a little manœuvering and two or three false starts, they both dashed away, Taylor getting the first hold of the water. Harry, however, was soon level with his opponent, and an oar-and-oar race ensued until they reached Cookson's Quay, when the "old-un" began gradually to show in front. At the Skinner's-burn, which is about 100 yards further, Clasper took his opponent's water, and at the foot of the new quay he had increased his position to better than a clear length. At this point of the race the banks of either side of the river were literally clad with living masses, and the shouts of "Had away, Harry," were perfectly deafening. On the tops of the hills a large number of the fair sex were seen waving their handkerchiefs, apparently delighted at the "old-un" leading his young opponent. Opposite the shot tower, which was reached in 4min 50sec, Clasper was four lengths in advance; and, notwithstanding the frequent spurts of his opponent, he still continued to gain. At the foot of the Meadows, Clasper was fifty or sixty yards ahead, pulling quite easy. From this point it was a guinea to a shilling on him; and at the Meadows House, which was gained in 11min 42sec, he had increased his lead to nearly a hundred yards. Here the steamboats pressed too closely upon Taylor, and, owing to the narrowness of the channel in that part of the river, he was caught by a heavy ripple, and obliged to pull on shore, evidently fatigued. Clasper continued to the end, winning an easy victory. The distance was rowed in 22min 50sec.

ROWING MATCH AT PLYMOUTH.—A boat race, which caused no little excitement in this neighborhood, came off on Friday, March 21. Capt. Elliot, of H. M. S. James Watt, backed, for a small wager, one of the boats of that ship, which he should name, against the Paul Methuen, a cedar six-oared gig, built at Bermuda, belonging to S. Triscott, Esq, of the R. W. V. Yard. The race was to come off on Friday, whatever might be the state of the weather. About eleven o'clock on Friday the storm flag was hoisted at Devonport, and the wind gradually increased, and we believe the backers of the gig began to be less confident than at first. The James Watt's boat, a large pinnace, pulling 20 oars, was manned by 40 men; the gig by six men from Saltash. At ten minutes past one they were started from the Royal William, by Capt. Kingcome; the course—round the Breakwater and back to the starting point. The gig, from her lightness, as was expected, took the lead, but after the pinnace got to her best speed she began to lose ground. Little, however, could be gathered as to the ultimate success of either until they passed Devil's Point, and began to encounter the sea. Many excellent judges (as the gig's qualities in a sea were quite unknown) were of opinion that the pinnace would pass her. This was not, however the case, and the crew of the gig were obliged to somewhat slacken their speed; yet she kept the lead, and in pulling the length of the Breakwater outside, gained 49 seconds on her antagonist. There was still a hope for the pinnace, as the gig (only one foot four inches in depth) had, after rounding the eastern end of the Breakwater, to put her broadside to the sea, and this, it was supposed, would, if not entirely swamp, yet so fill her with water, that she would be obliged to relinquish the race. All the crew of the pinnace made the most prodigious exertions to overtake her. The gig, however, continued to increase her distance, and, contrary to the general expectation, did not ship much water, and eventually rounded the Royal William 2min 54sec before the pinnace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TURF.—LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.—DERBY.—Flybynight, J. Scott, 7 to 1 (off); Polmoodie, J. Prince, 20 to 1 (tk); Enchanter, J. Day, 50 to 1 (tk).

WRESTLING MATCH.—The match, for £10 a side, between Bescomb and Cox, came off on the 24th, at the Jolly Caulkers, Rotherhithe. At two o'clock several admirers of the sport had assembled, and at three the men entered an excellent ring provided by the landlord, and both men appeared in first-rate condition. Bescomb especially was the admiration of his friends, but Cox appeared to be the favorite, until after some little play, when Bescomb became the favorite, which position he kept throughout, and ultimately won the match by throwing Cox three times to being thrown once. Time 2h 50min. So severe a struggle has not been witnessed for years.

THE OLD DOG JEM.—This wonderful dog gave another specimen of his extraordinary killing powers on Tuesday last. Shaw had backed him to destroy 100 large rats in nine minutes, giving him thus a little extra time on account of his growing infirmities and his want of condition, when, to the delight and amazement of a large Corinthian assemblage, among whom we noticed several familiar sporting faces from the Universities, he completed his task in the astonishingly short time of 7min 34sec. The rats were of the best description, fresh in from the barns, and no small amusement was created by the vigorous and fierce assaults made by them on Shaw, who was backing the dog in the pit.

BIRTH EXTRAORDINARY.—On the auspicious morning of Sunday, the 16th, an Italian greyhound bitch (formerly the property of one of our Crimean heroes), but now belonging to Mr. Walter Mace, Peal-street, Walsall, gave birth to three young pups of the respective colors red, white and blue.

TURNING THE TABLES REALLY.—There was a grand "row" lately at a lecture in Paris. Police agents in plain clothes were present; they made a mark with chalk on the backs of the most uproarious of the students, so that they might be known and arrested when they left the hall; the students detected the manœuvre, and slyly chalked the police agents; when the officers left the place, the Sergens de Ville arrested them, lodged them in prison, and kept them there for a day and a night.

ENGINE TRIAL.—Engine Company No. 8, of the Western District, Brooklyn, took home their engine from the painter's on the 26th, and on the following day gave her a trial from the cistern in front of their house in Henry street, in presence of a large number of spectators. They played with the following result: From suction with 50 feet of hose, open but of 2 5-8 inches, into the gutter of the City Armory—a hight of 35 feet, and 52 feet on a level. Same hose, 1 1-8 inch nozzel, 161 feet; three streams, 3-4 inch nozzle, 117 feet horizontal. The engine has been in use about four years, and with a new coat of paint, presents a very handsome appearance.

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.—This beautiful and brilliant game, by which a man is enabled to enjoy himself either at home or abroad, like all other scientific amusements is fast gaining in popularity, and, as a natural consequence, the increase in the demand for tables, calls forth the inventive faculties of man for the improvement of the same. Thus it is, that Mr. Michael Phelan, one of the best players in the world, has lately succeeded in perfecting an entirely new style of cushion, called the "Combination Cushion," for which he has secured a patent. It is probable that we may, in our next, revert to this subject, explaining the difference between the old and new style, and likewise give diagrams to make the matter still more clear. Mr. Phelan's Saloon and Show Rooms are at No. 39 Chambers street, where those interested can call and see for themselves.

COSMETICS.—As there will be thousands of new readers for this and subsequent numbers of the CLIPPER, we consider it our duty to apprise them that if any are troubled with superfluous hair, Dr. Gouraud's excellent Poudres Subtiles will eradicate it, and that, too, without the least trouble. At the same time, if it is desirable to change the color of one's hair, from a light, red, or grey, the Doctor furnishes the best article of Dye ever introduced to the public notice. Of course, every person knows of the invaluable properties of the Doctor's celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which, as a beautifier, has no equal in the world of cosmetics. All of the above may be had of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; also, of T. B. Callender, No. 88 South Third street, Philadelphia.

LOVERS OF AQUATIC SPORTS.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH GRAND ANNUAL BOAT EXHIBITION of the Boat and Oar Bazaar will open April 21, and continue open one week only. The extensive arrangements that have been made for this Exhibition guarantee us in saying, that it will be the richest treat of the kind ever offered to the public in this or any other country. There will be on exhibition a complete set of Regatta Boats, consisting of Skeleton Boats from 45 to 17 feet in length; Sail Boats, from 26 to 14 feet in length; of Pleasure Boats there will be complete sets of all kinds: Fishing and Gunning Boats, Barges, Dinkeys, Wherries, Row and Whitehall Boats, and numerous other classes. Of Ships' Boats, there will be exhibited every length of Gig, Pilot and Stern Boats, Washboard and Double Header Boats, Yawls, Moses, Long, Whale, Surf and Life Boats, and large Lighters—making in all nearly enough to furnish every vessel in port with a complete set of Boats. Added to this will be seen Polished Models, Gold and Silver Medals, Goblets, and Diplomas; also Oil Paintings of some of the celebrated Regattas the Ingersols have taken part in; Letters of Honor from Scientific Men and Institutions—the whole forming a Cabinet of gorgeous splendor. The Ingersolls on this occasion intend to outstrip all former efforts. They have taken their stand boldly on the pedestal of perfection, and are the only claimants to the honor. Our friends and the public are invited to attend. Admission Free.
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MICHAEL PHELAN'S MODEL BILLIARD TABles, with his new combination cushions, composed of several materials, and so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles and the requisite elasticity in all seasons; a desideratum long desired by all billiard players.

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NO. 17 CROSBY STREET.—MR. THOMAS S. STEWART respectfully informs his friends and the public that he is prepared to furnish all who may give him a call, with the choicest Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c. Meals served at all hours.

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FOR SALE—ALL KINDS OF FANCY FOWLS, together with a beautiful selection of Fancy Dogs: King Charles', black and tanned terriers, pointers, setters, Newfoundland, ball terriers and French poodles. Will be sold cheap, at 94 Vesey-street. JAS. CUMBERLAND & CO. 39

KEAN'S LAST ARPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

BY JAMES H. HACKETT.

I WAS in one of the boxes of Covent-garden Theatre, on Monday, the 25th of March, 1833; the last night that great actor, Edmund Kean, appeared on the stage. His health, for months, had been so rapidly declining, and his physical energies become so visibly impaired by those long-indulged irregularities, which had broken down a naturally vigorously but abused constitution, that his acting was rendered generally feeble, unsatisfactory, and often painful; and even his inability to appear at all when announced, was by no means a rare occurrence. The last effort he made, at all worthy of his former fame, was in the early part of the Winter, when the importance of having his Othello brought for the first time in conjunction with the rival talents of Macready, in Iago, gave a stimulus to his powers of body and mind, sufficient to sustain him throughout the character. It was universally admitted, that never did his genius display itself more triumphantly. On this occasion, however, he was advertised for the same favorite part, to the Iago of his son, Charles, who, having never before acted with him on the London boards, was warmly greeted on his entree by a tolerably numerous audience; but when in the second scene the father entered, as Othello, followed by the son, as Iago, the house rung with reiterated acclamations. The father continued bowing for a considerable time, without producing any diminution in the enthusiastic and loud cheering which prevailed, when, as if suddenly awakened to a sense of the circumstance, he turned, and taking his son by the hand, led him a step or two forward, and, with a graceful bow, and one of his most fascinating and characteristic smiles, presented him to the audience. The waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the doubly-redoubled plaudits which ensued, checked, for an unusually long period, every attempt made by them to proceed with their parts. There was nothing distinguishable in Kean's performance of the first and second acts, from his usual personification of Othello, except a more than ordinary feebleness in his voice, action and gait; which, as he had not many weeks previous broken down in the midst of the part, was imputed to a designed reservation, or perhaps the fear of too early exhausting what physical strength he might otherwise be enabled to call up in order to sustain the third and latter acts: when, however, he came to that memorable apostrophe—"Now, forever, farewell!" etc., the whole of it was breathed forth with all that melodious melancholy, so noted in his brighter days, and so happily described by the critic, Hazlett, as "striking upon the heart and imagination like some divine music," only mingled with a far greater degree of feeling than I had ever before observed; in fact, so deeply affecting were his tones, that, as he half sobbed out the last line, "Farewell! Othello's—occupation's—gone!" I remarked to a friend near me, "Poor fellow! I fear that a consciousness of Othello's despairing moans being applicable to himself personally, has touched his own feelings." I seldom remember Kean's failing, in this particular point, to elicit less than three hearty rounds on ordinary occasions; but on *this*, they were increased in number and duration. He remained abstracted and motionless, his chin resting on his breast, and his eyes fixed on the ground for many seconds after every murmur of applause had subsided; then raising his head from his chest, as from a forgetful slumber, he seemed partially aroused into a sense of his situation with the audience and the necessity of proceeding; but, instead of that sudden and infuriate alternation—that towering passion which used to threaten the destroyer of his peace with irresistible and immediate annihilation; he turned slowly and feebly, tottered a few steps towards Iago, (who seeing his sinking state, approached him,) and, leaning on his arm for support, and unable to seize him by the throat, he uttered in disjointed accents, only audible to those quite near him—"Villain—be—sure—you—prove"—then throwing himself upon his son's neck, in a faint and faltering voice, added, "Oh God! I am dying! speak to them, Charles!" The house, through somewhat prepared for a result of the kind, did not anticipate such a decided prostration of his faculties, and kept up their applause for nearly a minute, endeavoring to cheer him by showing every mark of indulgence: at length, Charles made an attempt to assist his father forward, when, his look and manner indicating the most pitiable helplessness, it became evident he could no longer stand alone, and the audience with one accord rose and cried, "Take him off!" whereupon, one of the performers came on from the wing, and poor Kean, who was trying to bow, was borne off and carried to a house in the vicinity for the night, and the next day removed to his own residence at Richmond, where he lingered about six weeks before he expired. Thus terminated the fitful career of an actor—take him for all in all, "we ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

RED clouds in the west, at sunset, especially when they have a tint of purple, portend fine weather. The reason is that the air, when dry, refracts more red or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A copper or yellow sunset generally foretells rain; but as indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than the halo around the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle the nearer the clouds, and consequently more ready to fall. When the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. This is explained as follows: Swallows pursue the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister, than cold air, when the warm strata of one air are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture of cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the ground it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.

E. H. PIERCE.

BEN. MALLORY.

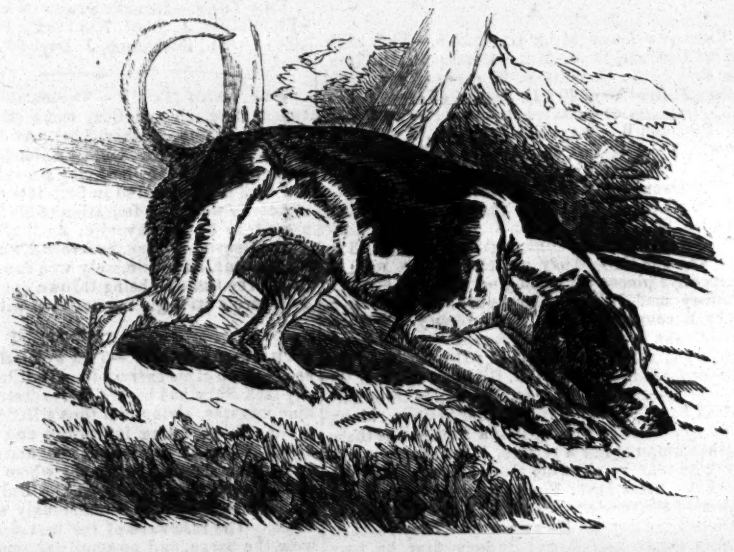
See Notices elsewhere.

KENTUCKY SHARP SHOOTERS.

THE snuffing of a candle with a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of the Green river, not far from a large pigeon-roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen of tall stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf, by torch-light. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as if intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, whilst all the other shots either put out the candle, or cut it immediately under the light.

A SENSIBLE HORSE.

WE do not think the records of instinct ever contained a more extraordinary instance then that we are now about to relate, and for the truth whereof many respectable witnesses pledge themselvs. Some time since, Mr. J. Lane, of Fascomb, in Gloucestershire, England, on his return home, turned his horse into a field in which it had been accustomed to graze. A few days before this, it had been shod all fours, but unluckily had been pinched in the shoeing of one foot. In the morning, Mr. Lane missed the horse, and caused an active search to be made in the vicinity, when the following singular circumstance transpired. The animal, as may be supposed, feeling lame, made his way out of the field, by unhanging the gate with his mouth, and went straight to the same farrier's shop, a distance of a mile and a half. The farrier had no sooner opened his shed than the horse, which had evidently been standing there some time, advanced to the forge, and held up the ailing foot. The farrier instantly began to examine the hoof, discovered the injury, took off the shoe, and replaced it more carefully, on which the horse immediately turned about, and set off at a merry pace for his well-known pasture. While Mr. Lane's servants were on the search, they chanced to pass by the forge, and on mentioning their supposed loss, the farrier replied, "Oh, he has been here and shod, and gone home again;" which, on their returning, they found to be the case.



THE POINTER.

OUR engraving represents the English Pointer, the breed now generally met with. This dog is sprung from the Spanish pointer, but is of a much lighter form, and much more rapid in his movement. He was obtained originally by a cross of the latter and the fox-hound, and has since been recrossed with the terrier. The English Pointer is of a variety of sizes, being in this particular bred according to the taste of the sportsman.

REMARKABLE ABSTINENCE OF A DOG.

IN 1789, when preparations were making at St. Paul's for the reception of his Majesty, a favorite bitch followed its master up the dark stairs of the dome; here, all at once, it was missing, and calling and whistling were to no purpose. Nine weeks after this, some glaziers were at work, and heard amongst the timbers, which support the dome, a faint noise; thinking it might be some unfortunate being, they tied a rope round a boy, and let him down near to the place whence the sound came. At the bottom he found a dog lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and an old shoe half eaten. The humanity of the boy led him to rescue the animal from its miserable situation, and it was accordingly drawn up. Much emaciated, and scarcely able to stand, the workmen placed it in the porch of the church, to die or live, as might happen. This was about ten o'clock in the morning; some time after, the dog was seen endeavoring to cross the street at the top of Ludgate Hill, but its weakness was so great, that unsupported by a wall, he could not accomplish it. The appearance of the dog again excited the compassion of a boy, who carried it over. By the aid of the houses he was enabled to get to Fleet Market, and over two or three narrow crossings in its way to Holborn Bridge, and about eight o'clock in the evening it reached its master's house, in Red Lion street, Holborn, and laid itself down on the steps, having been ten hours in its journey from St. Paul's. The dog was so much altered, the eyes being sunk in the head as to be scarcely discernible, that the master would not encourage his old faithful companion, who, when lost, was supposed to weigh twenty pounds, and now only weighed three pounds fourteen ounces; the first indication it gave of knowing its master was by wagging its tail, when he mentioned the name of Phillis; for a long time it was unable to eat or drink, and it was kept alive by the sustenance it received from its mistress, who used to feed it with a teaspoon; at length it recovered. Should it be asked, how did this animal live near nine weeks without food? This was not the case. She was in whelp when lost, and, doubtless ate her offspring; the remains of another dog, killed by a similar fall, were likewise found, that, most probably, were converted by the surviver to the most urgent of all natural purposes; and when this treat was done, the shoe succeeded, which was almost half devoured. What famine and a thousand accidents could not do, was effected a short time after by the wheels of a coach, which unfortunately went over her, and ended the mortal days of poor Phillis.

IT IS HARD TO REGAIN REPUTATION.

"You know you're a tief, Pat!" "I know I *have been*,
But my folly and wickedness fully I've seen;
Yet no one will trust me to work or to *save*,
And if I stay here, I must steal or must starve.
If you a good word to the captain will *spake*,
That I may a trip to America take,
You shall find I'll be honest, *for all the old stain*,
Nor disgrace the green isle of the ocean again."
Kind Dennis consents, and poor Pat is receiv'd;
The word of strict Dennis was aptly believ'd.
Escap'd from his guilt and escap'd from his shame,
In a new world poor Pat hoped to earn a new name.
He was kind to the crew, to the captain obedient,
To please he was never without an expedient.
He work'd and he sung, morning-watch or midnight,
And Pat of the crew was the life and delight;
Even Dennis (at first not a little suspicious
That Pat's new-found honesty might be factitious)
Felt easy respecting the pledge of his word,
And rejoic'd that his friend was to honor rester'd.
When one day, while Patrick the ship's deck was washing,
And with bucket drew sea-water up for more splashing;
Relying too much on the hold of his foot,
And reaching and bending his whole body to't,
The ship gave a *heel*—Patrick's balance was lost,
And himself and his bucket to old Davy tost.
"Man overboard! out with a rope!" was the cry—
When Dennis on Pat, mid the waves, cast his eye.
"Catch the spalpeen," roar'd Dennis, "he's made me a liar!
And so divil roast him before his great fire!
To strive against bad *education's* in vain!
Och! the tief how he's got at his old tricks again!
If I saw not, I wouldn't believe how he took it!
Only look how the tief swims away *with the bucket!*"

BEN MALLORY,

Of Ethiopian Minstrel Fame.

BENJAMIN MALLORY, better known in and out of the profession as Ben Mallory, whose portrait we annex, was born in the city of New York, about the year 1829. Ben received a good education at a popular institution in Bridgeport, Conn., but his fondness for music, and sports and pastimes, soon began to develope itself—his love of dancing was encouraged by his parents, and he soon became a proficient in the art. On one occasion, Joe Miles and a company of Ethiopian Minstrels from Gotham announced an exhibition near Ben's residence, and the manager, hearing so much said about "Little Ben," determined to give him a trial. After much persuasion, Ben consented to appear, providing it was "kept shy." The night came, and our hero submitted to the "corking operation" with the best possible grace—this done, he "went on," and, it is sufficient to say, made "a hit." This settled the question—he determined to leave school, and just as the "old folks at home" had received a letter from the pedagogue, advising them to keep a look out for their son, Ben had stowed himself away in the steamboat Nimrod, bound for the Empire City. The steward of the boat "spotted" Ben, and after giving him a feed, promised him a free passage, in consideration of his dancing a jig—no sooner said than done; the "jig was up," and Ben felt independent, having thus worked his own passage. Soon after reaching New York, he met the late Luke West, and they kept company for a short time, Luke doing the whistling, while Ben gave the jigs. In this way Ben attracted the notice of Sam Johnson, who was then playing at the Bowery Amphitheatre—and became one of his company. A new band was soon after formed, consisting of S. S. Sandford; Sam Johnson; the Green Mountain Boy; Thos. Flute, known as the lamented Thos. F. Briggs; and Ben Mallory. They performed together for a short time, when our hero apprenticed himself to a Circus rider, attached to Seth Howe's Company, and went to Pensacola. He soon left the Circus, however, and commenced the riding of race horses, but this not proving sufficiently remunerative, he engaged with Welsh, Mann & Delavan, to do ground and lofty tumbling. In consequence of the sickly nature of the county through which they travelled, Ben concluded to start for "York" again, and the sum total of his capital, on reaching this city, was twenty-five cents. "Things" began to look dubious," but, fortunately, one afternoon, as he was sauntering up Broadway, he met Mr. E. P. Christy, and made bold to ask for a chance. Mr. C. replied that his company was full, but told him to call on the morrow, and he would see what he could do for him. He called, and at once became a member of Mr. Christy's troupe, and ultimately became a great favorite. When Mr. C. left for California, Ben thought there was gold enough for him in New York, and made a short engagement with a Circus Company, after fulfilling which, he returned to New York, and was engaged for George Christy & Wood's Minstrels, at 444 Broadway, where he remained until their Hall was destroyed by fire. He next travelled with Christy's Minstrels, (though Mr. C. was not in the company himself) who had returned from California, but finally the party disbanded, and Ben returned to New York, where, in connection with Mr. E. H. Pierce, he became proprietor of that popular place of resort, 474 Broadway, next door to the scene of his early triumphs, where he will at all times be happy to "refresh the inner man" of those who may favor him with a call.

EARL H. PIERCE.

ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY has been the means of introducing to the public many a bright genius, and among the rest, the subject of this sketch, Our readers will readily recognise, by the subjoined engraving, the original and famous "Pompy" of the "Christy Minstrels," who, by his witty and humorous sayings, "was wont to keep the house in a roar," and dispel the blues from all who patronised "Mechanics' Hall." Mr. Pierce, as an Ethiopean Delineator, has few, if any equals in his peculiar line—moreover, he is an uncommonly useful man in a company of Minstrels, performing, as he does, upon almost every instrument used in a Band, and with skill. As a tamborinist, however, he is "up head," and was proficient when he first became attached to Mr. E. P. Christy's Minstrels, in 1843. Mr. P. remained with this company until Mr. C. retired from the business, with the exceptisn of a few months, when he was advised to "try it on his own hook." He opened the Olympic Theatre with a company styled "Pierce's Minstrels," but, through some unforeseen circumstances, the subject of our sketch made money "out of pocket," and thought it best to "close the building," which he at once did; and once more linked his fortunes with Mr. E. P. Christy's troupe visiting California with the company. On Mr. C. retiring, Pompy traveled with the remaining members of the Band. After the bisbanding of this company, Mr. P. returned to New York, and was engaged to perform with "George Christy and Woods Minstrels," at 444 Broadway, where he is now to be seen. After the performance is concluded, he may be found dispensing the "Waters of the Cooling Spring," at his place, 474 Broadway. With "Pierce and Mallory" for teamsters, we think that "Jordon will be a easy road to travel."

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

A GENTLEMAN, residing in the neighborhood of Blackheath, had a favorite dog, who was his constant companion. He was an old bachelor, and his sister resided with him. Before leaving his dining-room, he was in the habit of locking up his wine, and then threw the bunch of keys on the floor, which was taken up by the dog, who followed his master, with the keys in his mouth, to join his sister in the drawing-room. This practice was followed till the old gentleman's death. The dog then appeared miserable, and in order to let him follow his old custom, the wine was locked up as usual, and the keys thrown on the floor. But neither then, or at any subsequent time, would the dog be induced to take them up. It was impossible for this poor animal to show his love for his deceased master in a more marked and affecting manner.